The Outlook

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Congress at Work Again

THE first week of the new year began busily in Washington.

The Muscle Shoals discussion was clearly drawing to its close as Congress resumed its labors, but whether by the passage of the Underwood or another bill or no bill was not clear. Rumors ran around that the President had a new and better plan.

Announcement was made that the Secretary of the Navy would go before the House Naval Affairs Committee and give information of the state of the Navy, in order to settle in the Congressional mind the question whether the Navy is in splendid shape, or falling to pieces, or just about up to standard. All three views have been expressed by persons supposed to be well informed.

The French debt memorandum from Finance Minister Clementel was received by the State Department, transmitted by Ambassador Herrick. No comment was made on it by Secretary Hughes, and it is supposed to have gone from the State Department to Secretary Mellon as Chairman of the Debt Funding Commission. Washington began to realize that on the rim, if not at the center, it had been unduly excited over the supposed imminence of repudiation.

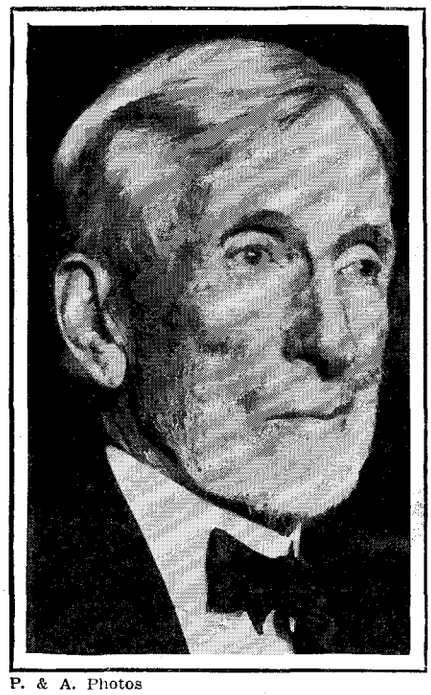
Senator Borah, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, let it be known that he plans to introduce a resolution for the calling by the President of an international economic and disarmament conference in Washington.

The fight to abolish the Railroad Labor Board was practically dropped by the decision of supporters of the Howell-Barkley Bill not to press for its passage.

Senator Couzens's committee decided to proceed with the investigation of the Prohibition Enforcement Division of the Treasury, authorized at the last session, revived in the heat of the Presidential campaign, and finally postponed until after the reconvening of Congress. No definite date for beginning public hearings was announced.

The Postal Scandal

A NEW scandal has broken in Washington, involving post office officials and clerical assistants to Senate and House Post Office Committees. Six post office officials have been suspended by the Postmaster-General, the assistant clerk of the Senate Post Office Committee has been removed by Senator Sterling, and the Secretary of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post Roads has resigned. The charges relate to the alleged giving and receiving of money in connection with the Postal Salaries Increase Bill and the Postal Rates Bill, but just how the advocates and the opponents of the two are involved is not yet clear.



P. & A. Photos

Joseph McKenna, ex-Supreme Court Justice

The first source of money is said to have been an association of parcels-post shippers, presumably opposed to the passage of the Postal Salaries Increase Bill and the Postal Rates Bill. The second source of money is said to have been the National Association of Post Office Supervisors, presumably favoring both the bills. The six officials suspended by Postmaster-General New are said to be members of this organization. Several (possibly all) of the six suspended officials were detailed by the Post Office Department from their regular duties during the last session of Congress, came to Washington, and sat with the joint committee of the two houses which drafted the joint sub-committee substitute for the Kelly-Edge Bill. The position of the Post Office Department was at that time one of opposition to the passage of a salaries increase bill.

The suspended officials are the acting postmaster at Detroit, the superintendent of mails at Louisville, the assistant postmaster of Springfield, Ohio, the assistant superintendent of delivery at Chicago, the acting superintendent of mails at New York, and the postal cashier at Boston.

There are in the scandal many kinds of ugly possibilities. There are those who intimate that not merely post office officials but officials of the Post Office Department proper may be involved. There is little or no intimation that commercial or publishing interests on either side of the fight for either bill had part in the alleged effort unduly to influence legislation. The alleged receipt of money from both sources evidently antedates the periodicals postage rates controversy.

A thorough investigation will be made, it is said, by the Department of Justice. The President is credited with having suggested that this be done and Senate and House leaders are said to have concurred.

Justice McKenna Retires

AFTER twenty-seven years of active service on the bench of the highest court in the country, Joseph McKenna retires at the age of eighty-one—another example of the fact that intellectual ability and arduous mental toil are rather conducive to long life than otherwise, as is seen to-day also in the examples of ex-President Eliot, Mr. Chauncey Depew, and other men whose ability has not vanished as old age approached.

The farewell letter from Chief Justice Taft and the other members of the Supreme Court to Justice McKenna gives a picturesque sketch of his life. It points out that his youth was spent in California, "in the atmosphere of that community's irrepressible enthusiasm;" that his political career was rapid and distinguished, including membership in four Congresses, in the election to one of which he carried his district against what was at first overwhelming adverse local sentiment, declining to give up his adherence to sound-money ideas in order to curry favor; that he served in the lower

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Federal courts with ability and made a record which was recognized by President McKinley's appointment of him as Attorney-General and then as a Justice of the Supreme Court.

Justice McKenna's associates also note that his judicial opinions are found in ninety-six different volumes of the Court reports and number 633; that they show distinctive style and individual expression as well as clearness, force, and aptness of phrase.

The country at large will join in the praise thus extended by the members of the Supreme Court to their distinguished associate. The honor of serving on the Supreme Court is high; with very few exceptions, its judges have been men of notable intellectual qualities, while the moral rectitude of the Court has been unimpeachable.

President Coolidge has nominated to succeed Justice McKenna Mr. Harlan Fiske Stone, of New York, the present Attorney-General. As we write, action has not been taken on the nomination, but opposition is not expected. Mr. Stone's appointment to the office of Attorney-General was received with approval by the country last April. He was then Dean of the Columbia Law School and a member of an important New York legal firm. His freedom from political obligations and his reputation in his profession as a lawyer of high attainments and judicial temperament made him an admirable selection for the particular office to which he was appointed.

Why Not Let the Court Be a Court?

TINKERING with the United States Supreme Court, or, rather, planning to tinker with it, has been a common American pastime.

Ordinarily a proposal of this kind does not fare very well; but within the past few months there have been two proposals which have commanded some attention, if not respect. One of them was Senator La Follette's plan to make Supreme Court decisions reviewable by Congress. That was put an end to by the voters in November. Now has come another from the opposite pole of political thought. This time it is from the Hon. James M. Beck. As Mr. Beck is Solicitor-General of the United States, his suggestion has naturally evoked discussion.

At the annual dinner of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, at which he was the chief guest, he proposed that Congress should make a practice of securing the opinion of the Supreme Court on the constitutionality of proposed legislation. He said that if this were done much of the feeling that has been aroused against the Supreme Court for nullifying legislation would be forestalled; for Congress, profiting by the warning in advance, would avoid making laws with which the people could adjust themselves only to find later that the laws were invalid. Mr. Beck cited one precedent for his proposal—President Monroe got from the Supreme Court an advisory opinion as to the constitutionality of an act of Congress. Mr. Beck also cited the practice in foreign countries and in one or two States as an example.

To this proposal there are several objections, two of which at least seem to us decisive. One is that the Supreme Court is now overburdened with business, and ought to be relieved of some that it has instead of being laden with more. The other objection is even more substantial. It is that any opinion by a court concerning a law given in advance of any litigated case under that law is necessarily superficial. When a suit is brought under a law, arguments are presented on both sides which bear upon the practical working of that law in a specified case or group of cases. An advisory opinion on a law without any instance of its application would be subject to change after the hearing of arguments pro and con. There would therefore be no real gain, for there would be no certainty that a law which the Supreme Court might deem Constitutional before passage would not prove to be in violation of the Constitution in its actual workings. The Supreme Court, in fact, is not well fitted to be a legislative body, as it would be if it had a virtual veto on proposed legislation. It is a court, and as such has earned the profound respect of the vast majority of those who know its history.

A Dawes Plan for France

WHETHER intended or not, there is irony in the suggestion of M. Clementel, the French Finance Minister, that the principle of the Dawes Plan should be applied to the debt of France to the United States.

That Plan is based, not upon the full amount that Germany would have to pay if she were to repair all the damage she did, but upon her capacity to pay. The theory which was adopted as a consequence of much pleading on behalf of Germany not only by Germans, but by English and Americans as well, was that Germany could not pay all that she really owed and that it would discourage her unless those whom she damaged recognized that fact. M. Clementel's suggestion is that the principle that those who were solicitous about Germany wanted to apply to an enemy ought certainly to be applied to a friend. It was not discreet, however, on M. Clementel's part to suggest such an idea. It makes a good deal of difference whose ox is gored. The argument offered by Germany was regarded as a plea for reconciliation; but let it be offered by France and it is denounced as repudiation.

Of course if we collect from France only a part of what she owes the United States, and France collects from Germany only a part of the damages Germany inflicted, then the United States will be paying for a part of the damage that Germany inflicted. This idea has aroused great feeling of resentment in Congress. Perhaps it ought to have done so. Certainly the course of the Herriot Government in France has not helped the cause of France in America; but, after all, who started the argument? Was it not Germany and Germany's apologists?

Mussolini Reassertive

TEMPORARILY at least, Mussolini, whose position as head of the Italian Government and virtual dictator seems to be becoming shaky, has reestablished himself.

That he has been losing his grip has been apparent for some time. Ever since the Matteotti murder restlessness under his repressive measures has been growing. A hundred Deputies have been abstaining from taking part in the sessions of Parliament. They constitute what has been called the Aventine Opposition, for it was to the Aventine Hill, the southernmost of the seven hills of Rome, that the plebeians of ancient Rome resorted when they wished to make a protest.

Against his opponents Mussolini at last poured out his wrath in a speech in Parliament that was wildly applauded by his supporters. Some of the accusations against him have come from not very credible sources, but they have stirred his anger. He has already begun to carry out his threats to use force in the suppression of the growing revolt against his authority. Fascism seems for the

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How thou art accompanied

(1 Henry IV, Act II, Scene 4)

Darling in the Milwaukee Journal

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Confound it, why didn't we spend some of that for police service?

From W. W. Burroughs, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Darling in the Springfield Daily Republican

Copyright, 1924, the New York Tribune Syndicate

My, what a rough voice our new Foreign Relations Chairman has!

From Irving Parker, Lenox, Massachusetts

Morris for the George Matthew Adams Service

Germany: "Now I wonder who put those firearms in my pocket?"

Reid for the Bell Syndicate

VIOLATIONS OF THE VERSAILLES TREATY
HOARDING OF MILITARY STORES AND ARMAMENT TRAINING MEN
GERMANY
THE ALLIES
NOT A SINGLE HONORABLE THING VOLUNTARILY DONE IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE TREATY
Albert T. Reid

(C) The Bell Syndicate, Inc., 1924

The only language he seems to understand

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P. & A. Photos

John McCormack and Lucrezia Bori ready to broadcast their songs to a vast radio audience

time being to be reverting to its earlier temper. Whether it can carry the country with it now as it did when it cleaned out a feeble Government and brought economic order out of chaos is a question.

A New Era in the Radio World

It is more than probable that the experiments lately made in presenting singers and instrumentalists of National prominence to radio audiences will vary and improve broadcasting as we have known it in the past. The question is often asked, How can the broadcasting companies give their services without direct return? Every one knows by this time that the profit derived by the larger broadcasting agencies is chiefly through the sale of apparatus by companies owning the stations. These companies are manufacturers and sellers of an enormous quantity of things necessary for setting up a home apparatus. Since the number of these home stations has increased by bounds from hundreds to thousands and from thousands to hundreds of thousands, the market afforded has evidently been enormous. It cannot be said that the market has been over-supplied as yet, for the sale of apparatus is still exceedingly great. It is natural, however, that the broadcasting companies should wish to give their audiences choicer and finer entertainment, and the new plan will aid them in this undertaking.

The regular presentation of famous concert singers and skilled instrumental performers began last October, when the Brunswick Company instituted through the broadcasting station known as WJZ what was called "The Brunswick Hour." That performance, with one interruption, has continued since, and those who "listen in" know that both the classical music rendered in the first part and the popular melodies given in the second have been rendered with fineness, taste, and precision.

The attractive popular power of famous names was shown strikingly when John McCormack and Lucrezia Bori sang the other night under the auspices of the Victor Talking Machine Company. It is rather amusing to note the guesses as to the number of thousands of people who "listened in" to these famous singers. Starting the morning after with 6,000,000, the number has increased day by day until it has reached 8,000,000, and there is no particular reason why we should not say a round ten million and be done with it. Of course nobody has any very close idea as to the number, but undoubtedly it was enormous.

This was the first performance of a series which the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, operating the station WEAF, are to broadcast every other week. It is stated that neither the singers nor the phonograph company received pay; and it is explicitly stated that the concerts at present are in the nature of experiments. The Victor Company, as well as the Brunswick Company, frankly desires publicity to aid the sale of records made by the individual singers and also to attract attention to the fact that the phonograph is still an excellent method of listening to music.

What the effect of the increased attractiveness of the radio may be on concerts, the theater, and possibly even the movies, is at present a matter of theory and discussion. Mr. W. A. Brady, who knows a great deal about theatrical matters, says the radio may be a menace to the theater and declares that the movie already has injured the legitimate stage a great deal—not in New York City, to be sure, but in smaller cities throughout the country. He thinks that the radio may even injure the movie, and he paints a picture of a group of people seated in a room, enjoying free of charge a performance over the radio, of which he says, "I can only describe it as gorgeous," and asking, "Why in the world should we go to the theater and pay money?"

The general experience with inventions and improvements is that the new never entirely supplants the old. We venture to predict that in improved form the movie and the radio will continue to have a big place in American life, while at the same time the speaking play will maintain its hold. There are different kinds of enjoyment and of tastes. There seems to be plenty of room for all these forms of pleasure-taking.

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Photograph by Margaret Watkins

"The Vamp," by Brenda Putnam
(First prize)

Soap and Hope

A NEW art has been born. Or at least we have just seen the announcement of its birth. Sculptors have found a new medium which promises to give utility even to bad workmanship.

The Art Center in New York recently presented to admiring visitors a group of carvings in soap. Whether or not the serpent of publicity lurks behind these entertaining achievements in the new medium or not, we are not qualified to say. The exhibit, however, holds a high promise of future achievement. There may come a time when all our municipal statuary will be cast in soap. Heaven speed that day so far as much statuary is concerned! We know of many noble warriors and cast-iron firemen and heroic frock-coated statesmen whose effigies are best suited to just such a medium. When the rains come, the statues would automatically aid in the cleansing of the streets. If anything remained after some providential downpour, the residue could be turned over to the municipal baths. "I went in swimming last night with Senator Bunkum," may become a common boast if our hopes are fulfilled.

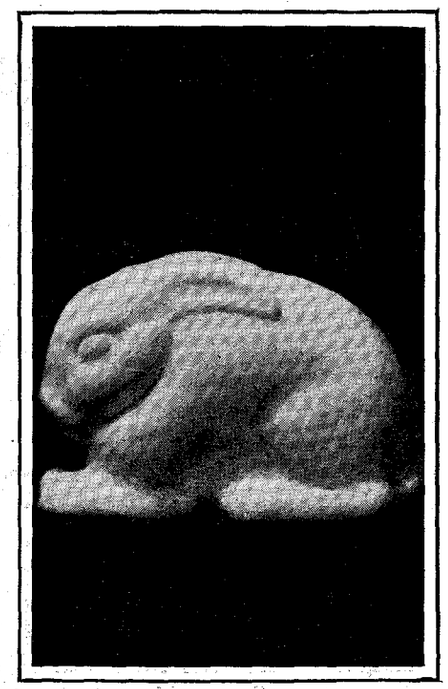
Speaking of hopes, there is another exhibit at the Art Center which will doubtless bring vast encouragement to legions of fathers and mothers. It is an exhibit of the early work of great artists, and it includes in its list the pencil sketches of such men as Sargent, Blashfield, French, and Guérin. An early Sargent we reproduce on this page. Done at the age of four, it is probably Sargent's first portrait. Lay it beside little Willie's first efforts, and then guess what the future holds in store for him.

Studying After College

RAPID reading courses in French novels and drama, rapid reading courses in English novels and drama—the college woman seems to be swamped with reading, yet she still wishes to continue it after graduation. A plan for alumnæ study, modeled somewhat on that adopted by Amherst but more extensive, has been adopted by Smith College. Lists for suggested reading were sent to over 8,000 members of the Alumnæ Association, and over 1,700 have enrolled to receive a specified reading list. These lists include twelve topics taken from the Departments of Economics, Sociology, English, Government, and History. The most popular titles are "International Relations," "The Study of Biology," "Historical and Local English Novels," "Political Parties and Current Politics," "The Ideas of Galsworthy, Chesterton, Shaw, and Wells."

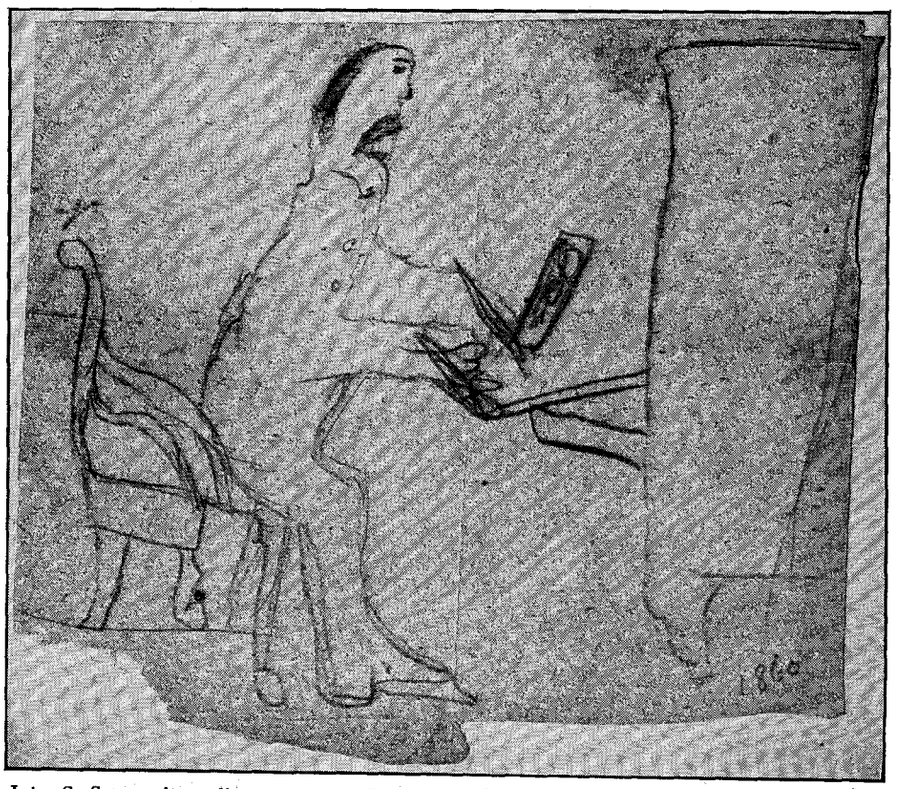
The plan as proposed and agreed to by the Faculty and trustees does not go beyond supplying a limited and specified number of lists of reading arranged with a view to gradual development. There will be no examinations or reports upon the reading except to discover the use and value of the plan, in the spring. The idea is not to improve the minds of unwilling alumnæ nor to make the task unpleasant by requiring definite knowledge, but merely to continue intellectual contact with the College. It is not a university extension service; no credits towards degrees are connected with it, no preparation or correction of papers. It is not for professional training.

In the Department of Government there will be readings in international relations, municipal government, and current politics; in Economics and So-



Photograph by Margaret Watkins

"The Rabbit," by Simon Moselsic
(Third prize)



John S. Sargent's earliest portrait—Picture of his father, drawn by John at the age of four

Loaned to the Art Center through courtesy of the Sargent-Gilman-Murray Association of Gloucester, Mass. Reproduced, by permission, from the current exhibition.

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ciology on the labor movement, industrial organization, social maladjustments, population problems, and contemporary theories of race.

In amount each list will approximate a winter's work, so the most satisfactory results will probably come from concentrated reading from a single list at a time. The working out of such a plan will enable some 2,000 former Smith students—as many as are now studying under direct supervision of the College—to continue their connection with that College in a new way.

Spain's Great Painter

IGNAZIO ZULOAGA, a great painter of Old Spain, recalls the incomparable Don Quixote. This we offer as no small tribute to a distinguished visitor. One of Zuloaga's studios faces the windmill at Montmartre. One could easily imagine him tilting at it idealistically as a symbol of the modern things he abhors.

Zuloaga once defined himself to a correspondent of The Outlook as the exact opposite of his long-popular compatriot, Sorolla, who loved to paint his modern Spain in the hot sunlight. Zuloaga is, in a way, a visionary. But he is also an amazing craftsman. From his most famous forerunners—among them more particularly El Greco—he has borrowed much, adding to their skill and technique the charm of his own fascinating character. His art, as he has himself explained, is cerebral. His vision—his conception of the subjects which he paints—is, in our day, unusual.

Unlike some of our recent visitors, Zuloaga hates notoriety. He has declared that it is painful to him even to hear himself talked about and to send his pictures out into the world. Yet he has been closely associated with one of the more practical forms of Spanish art. It was his father, Placidio Zuloaga, who rediscovered the secret of the art of damascening, for which he was decorated by the French Government. His birthplace, the small town of Eibar, in the Basque country, is a hive of industry, very different from the bright, sensuous cities of southern Spain.

This, perhaps, accounts for his reported intention during his stay in the United States to see some of our humming lives. In Pittsburgh, Chicago, and in other towns he may find subjects to inspire him with strange pictures. Transferred to his canvas, our stockyards, our foundries, and our mills may be informed with rare, new meanings. But when he has done with them he will go back to his own themes—to his martyred saints, his bleeding Christs, his haughty bullfighters, his tortured street-walkers, and his love-sick ladies.

He has been a hermit, more or less, for many years, and his new interest in this New World may, or may not, be of a friendly kind. Even should it prove to have been largely ironic, his coming should be hailed with genuine thankfulness. For if he has something to learn of us, he has much to teach our artists. He is welcome here.

Wide World Photos

Señor Ignazio Zuloaga

A Generation of Pioneers

OF all fears that men have defied there is none greater than fear of the truth.

Not many centuries ago men who sailed the seas faced perils of which we never think. There were dangers not only of wind and wave, but of unknown monsters, dragons and devils, of sorcery and magic, of fabulous uninhabitable regions of freezing cold, and equally uninhabitable and equally fabulous regions of literally broiling heat. As John Fiske recounts in his famous work "The Discovery of America," it was thought by some that between the known world and the antipodes there was a burning zone which it was impossible to cross. Men who sailed southward went with fear in their hearts, but sailed in spite of their fear. It was something more than fear of physical danger that these voyagers surmounted; it was fear of the truth. The very theory that there were a people beyond that fiery zone who were barred from access to the known world was condemned by some of the clergy because, as John Fiske says, it implied "the existence of people cut off from knowledge of the Gospel and not included in the plan of salvation." If the truth sustained this theory, the truth would itself be a heresy. It was much to risk one's comfort and even life; it was more to risk one's beliefs. There was fear, then, not only of what might be endured, but of what might be discovered.

In his address to the scientists gathered at their annual meeting at Washington President Coolidge said in substance that this fear of the truth was now a thing of the past. He said to these wonder workers:

> We trust ourselves to you. Perhaps with some doubt as to what you may finally do with us and to us, but at least with firm convictions that your activities will save life from becoming very monotonous. And besides, we realize that if we did not give you our confidence you would go ahead without it.
>
> It is a wonderful thing to live in a time when the search for truth is the foremost interest of the race. It has taken endless ages to create in men the courage that will accept the truth simply because it is the truth. Ours is a generation of pioneers in this new faith. Not many of us are endowed with the kind of mental equipment that can employ the scientific method in seeking for the truth. But we have advanced so far that we do not fear the results of that process.

What the President says is not true of all of us. There are still some who fear what the truth may disclose and raise their voices against the searchings of science; but they are not of one mind with him who said, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free;" nor do they represent the tendency of the Church to-day.

No longer is it sufficient for the theologian to be versed in tradition and devoted to the preservation of doctrines; the theological scholar and teacher distinguished for leadership in these days must be as single in the search for truth and as ready to welcome what it reveals as any biologist or astronomer.

That churches to-day are ready to welcome the discoveries of the truth, however they may be made, is indicated by the success of an institution serving the churches which is characterized by this fearlessness in the search of the truth. Union Theological Seminary,

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New York, founded eighty-nine years ago, has from its beginning had the spirit that has animated explorers and searchers for truth in all ages. It has never sought controversy, but has held to its faith in the truth and maintained its right to that faith in spite of opposition. Its main purpose is not to educate scholars, but to train ministers; but it realizes that the minister, if he is to plant and cultivate the religious spirit in these days when old ideas have been supplanted by new, must not fear the truth but welcome it and lead others to welcome it too. As President McGiffert, of the Seminary, has recently said: "If Christianity is a living religion, as it surely is, it must show itself equal to the changing situation as it always has, and must move forward with the advancing intelligence of the age." Because it has had this spirit Union Theological Seminary has gained a place of leadership and has been rewarded by finding itself burdened with increased responsibilities. It is the largest graduate theological institution in the country. It is wholly undenominational. Though academically affiliated with both Columbia University and New York University, it is organically independent. In the Faculty are represented seven communions, and in the student body thirty-nine. Because it is free and has its mind on the substance and not the form of religion, it is rendering great service to the cause of church union. It is now engaged in an undertaking to add to its resources $4,000,000. This is not because it is a struggling institution needing to be resuscitated, but a strong one called upon to do more work than its present facilities will permit it to. Of the $4,000,000 it needs and seeks, it has raised in a few weeks over $3,500,000. Those who believe in this kind of leadership for these days when we are approaching, if we have not already entered, a period of religious renaissance can support such leadership by contributing to this fund. The Seminary should find the remainder of what it is asking for coming to it without further solicitation.

Profound as seemed to the people of the ancient world the mysteries that surrounded them, the mysteries of the universe as we know it to-day are incomparably profounder. The expansion of knowledge has not reduced the field of religion; on the contrary, it has made it greater than ever. Science has not usurped the place of religious faith, but has rather made the place of faith in life more obviously necessary and more secure. As man's physical size in comparison with the universe has seemed to shrink, his mind, his spirit, has seemed to reach out farther and farther into infinite space. There never was a time when those who value the things of the spirit had less reason to fear the truth.

(C) Keystone

Betty Bronson in the moving-picture version of "Peter Pan"

Two Peters—Not to Say Three

THE revival of "Peter Pan" on the stage and also its first appearance as a film play give opportunity to see whether it requires Miss Maude Adams as Peter and how well the movies can compete with the speaking stage. There are many theater-goers who will take their way to see Miss Marilyn Miller's performance; but they will do it, so to speak, with their ears laid back. To them the part means Maude Adams, exactly as Hamlet means Edwin Booth to the old-timers, and exactly as "Alice in Wonderland" requires Sir John Tenniel and nobody else for an illustrator.

This is a natural but unfortunate attitude of mind. So good a play as "Peter Pan" ought not be retired from the stage because Miss Adams chooses to appear no more. Miss Marilyn Miller is a pretty lady playing a boy's part, exactly as Miss Adams was. Neither gives much illusion of masculinity. Both are sweet and charming. Miss Miller is a more graceful and practiced dancer, and so she dances more than her predecessor did. She is not gifted with the curious grimacing smile nor with the whimsical and humorous tone of voice which Miss Adams could assume at certain moments, when they were extremely effective. Those who saw Miss Adams's Peter when the play was brand-new, and were captivated by the peculiar charm of the actress, were of course nearly twenty years younger. The result of comparison between the two productions is obvious. But that is not to say that Miss Miller's Peter is not admirable: a play to see, and by all means to take children to see.

Nana, the dog nurse, performed by Thomas Bell, is better than ever. Violet Kemble Cooper, as Mrs. Darling, gives the most satisfactory rendition of the part of any of the actresses, on stage or screen, a beautiful interpretation of maternal tenderness. Smee, the pirate with the sewing-machine, is also the best imaginable; he is played by an English actor, Edward Rigby. And Leslie Banks as Captain Hook does full justice (as far as the version allows) to the pirate chieftain for whom the alligator has conceived an overweening taste. But the scene of the last moments of Hook has been slighted rather than elaborated in Miss Miller's production, and compares ill with the same incident in the movie version.

On the screen Miss Betty Bronson, a very young but accomplished actress, with a piquant and boyish face, plays Peter Pan. She was selected by Sir James Barrie from among a number of competitors, and has thus had a sudden rise to eminence as a moving-picture player. It is to be hoped that she will play it also on the speaking stage. There is something like Puck, something mischievously elfish in her expression, and no lack of grace and agility. Ernest Torrence, the old scout of "The Covered Wagon," plays Captain Hook, and he is close to perfection; he makes properly

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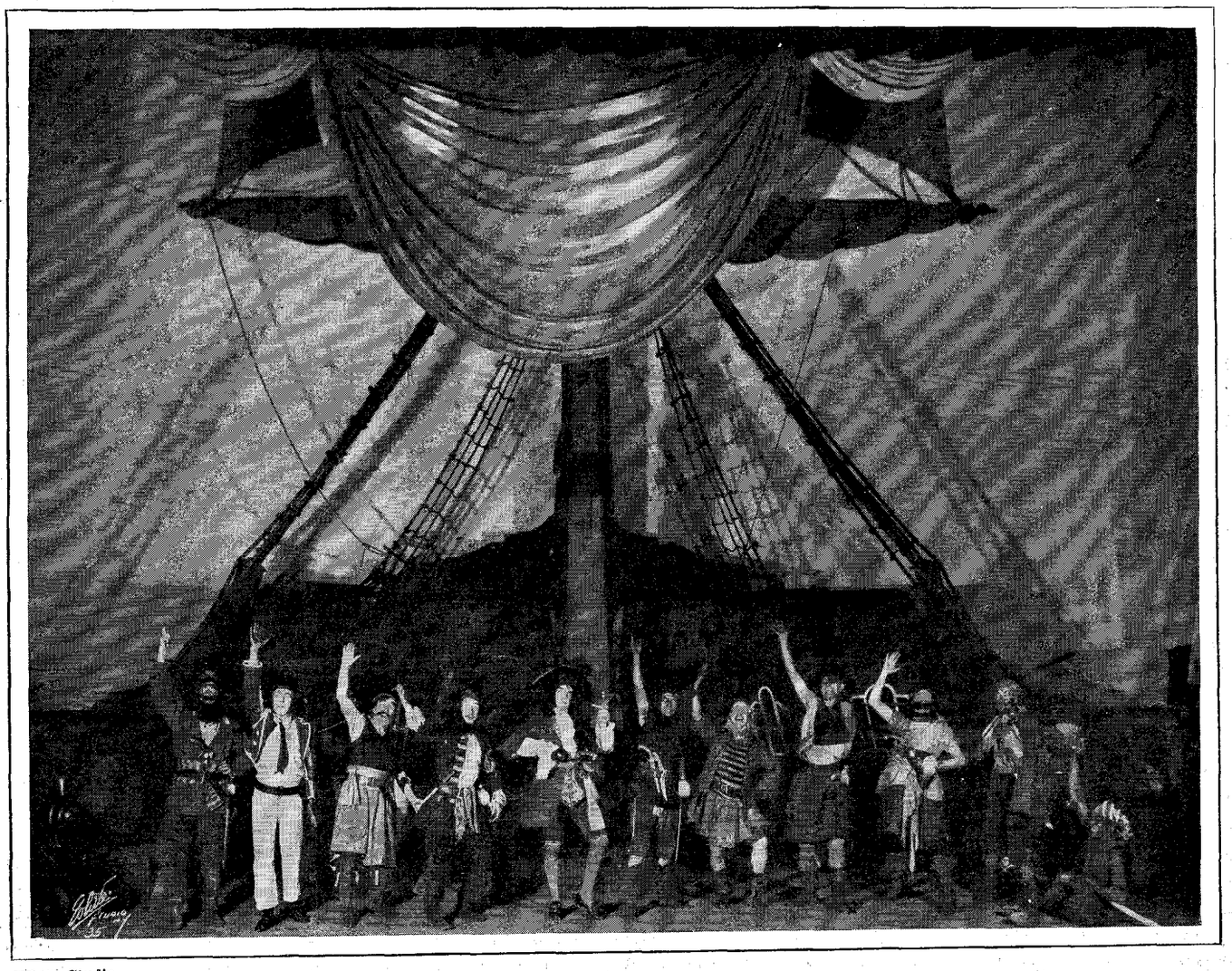
ridiculous the man of blood and dark deeds who triumphs in the capture of little boys, but turns pea-green at the ticking of the alarm clock in the alligator's gizzard. Another good Nana, perhaps the best of all, in his cavortings, his galumphings, and his grief, is given by George Ali. And no better Wendy has appeared on the stage than the screen presentation of Mary Brian. The boys of Peter's band are played here by real children, and it is an immense improvement.

The scenes outdoors, the tricks and the magic, can, as usual, be done in the movies as they can only be suggested on the stage, but the movies fall down, of course, through their lack of the human voice. One longs to hear Captain Hook repeating—not to see the flickering letters writing bits of it—his fine soliloquy in the hour of triumph, when he has captured the infants: "All mortals envy meh!" and so on. The movies can show Tinker Bell, a beautiful little fairy, wings and all, and about three inches high, contrasted with Peter's five feet or thereabouts. They can show a beach covered with mermaids, and have the mermaids crawl with some difficulty, owing to their natural limitations as to feet, into real waves, where they are more at home. They can show the children flying over the tree-tops—not merely lifted by wires from one side of the room to the other. And they can make the pirate ship itself suddenly take wing, when ordinary navigation becomes too slow for the home-bound children, and rise into the air like a sea-gull. They can be accompanied by the plaintive incidental music and the orchestral accompaniment of the pirates' song. But they lack the pathetic notes of Mrs. Darling's voice, the bellowings of Hook and his crew, and the triumphant speech of Peter, before he dashes at the pirate for their last encounter.

This last fight, by the way, the final submission of Hook, the amusing exchange of courtesies between victor and vanquished, and the ceremonious walking of the plank by the defeated pirate (with the epilogue by the alligator) are inimitable in the movie play, and far better than in Miss Miller's version. And this was not a difference of opportunity, but a failure, apparently, by the producer of the stage play to appreciate the possibilities of the scene.

Football, Quo Vadis?

FOOTBALL is to go through at least another season without substantial change in rules, and hence in the type of play. Although the American Football Rules Committee has not yet met, its action has been forecast by the recommendations of two powerful organizations, the Eastern Association of Football Officials and the American Football Coaches' Association. These recommendations will be followed without doubt. There is only one change of moment. That is the restoration of the kick-off to the 40-yard line. This is wise, since it restores one of the prettiest plays



White Studio

Captain Hook (Leslie Banks) and his jolly crew of pirates in a scene from the play "Peter Pan" at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York City

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of the game, the run-back of the kick-off. Beyond that, and the final knell of the onside kick, the changes are in the nature of a clarification of the existing regulations.

Good coaches, notably at Pennsylvania and West Point, and later Sanford at Rutgers, worked for years to do something with the onside kick. It never proved a reliable play, although it helped to menace the defense. The Army beat Yale with it in 1909, but it accounted for no other victory in recent years. It had a fair trial in good hands, but the very shape of the ball, making it impossible even for the cleverest kickers to predetermine the direction of the bound, earned it the death sentence. Hereafter on kicks from scrimmage no man of the kicker's side is onside.

The majority at both big meetings, representing all sections of the country, in favor of football as at present stabilized was overwhelming, and the reason is not far to seek. The plain and not too palatable truth is that the game is now the property of the masses—the masses who seek thrills and individual feats of prowess, and who care little for the finesse of line play and other matters having to do with delicate team adjustment. This is the public that fills the huge stadia and whose dollars, poured into the football coffers, support all other branches of college sport.

As one old-timer sadly put it, "The game has gone West." He might have added that it is ricocheting Eastward in Western hands.

Most of the controversy at such times as the minority dared to seek a hearing has been over the forward pass, which the originators of football in the Eastern colleges have always maintained did not belong to the game. They have maintained that it is a "gamble." In this they are only partly correct, since the spread of the game in the schools has familiarized the youngsters with the free and accurate handling of the ball to an extent little known in the old days. And yet it is still possible to gamble and win with it when other devices fail against a team better equipped with those other devices. About this, however, the mass of the football public cares not a whit. It produces action, and that is what is wanted. It produces upsets, and upsets form the succulent football fare of the present generation. It is possible that in time there will be some sort of reaction, some backward swing of the pendulum, but of that there is no immediate prospect.

It is true, as the old-timers maintain, that line play has been revolutionized. It has not, as Sanford says, "disintegrated." He does not like the new line play, probably because it requires much less finesse than the old style. The sweep style of football, first set in motion by Glenn Warner, with its consequent direct passing of the ball from the center, made football a "flying game." The old "unit line" has passed, giving way to a series of individual assignments such as are laid out for the backs. Granted the necessary speed, it is much easier these days to make a line man out of a back or a back out of a line man. The immediate duties of the line positions have not the great variance of the old days.

Those who have built up the modern game, aided by the forward pass, claim to be progressives. Did they but know it, they really are reactionaries, for the game at present, with its shaken out formations, more nearly resembles football of the eighties than of the nineties and the subsequent years just prior to the advent of the forward pass. To the old-timer much of the enjoyment is missing. It will continue to be missing as long as the public demands above everything else speed in sport. Indeed, much of the finesse of team play in hockey has disappeared since the teams were reduced from seven to six men. The emphasis on individualism in sport grows steadily, and the rule makers in football, many of whom regret much of the lost "inside game" themselves, must unavoidably react to the tendency of the time. However, there is a vast amount that is highly enjoyable in the present type of game. One must simply adjust one's self to the type, and move on with the multitude.

Is the Herriot Government Riding for a Fall?

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editorial Correspondent in Europe

"DESERVING Democrats"—to quote Mr. Bryan—are getting their dues in France.

Last May's elections were victorious for the Radicals and Socialists, united in a *Cartel des Gauches*. On the morrow of the elections the newspaper that is supposed to reflect the mind of Edouard Herriot, the Radical leader, published this slogan: *"Toutes les places et tout de suite."* (All the offices—and right away.) Happily, *tout de suite* was impossible, so this "right away" programme had to wait a bit. But, as is also still too much the rule with us in America, despite our merit system, so here, "all the offices" meant specially those most in view—Death loves a shining mark!

"Place aux Jeunes"

So, for example, now, at the end of the year, we see a new occupant going from France as High Commissioner for Syria. This post has been occupied by General Weygand, the savior of Poland, Marshal Foch's right-hand man, who is doing a great work in Syria. But both Foch and Weygand are fervent Catholics. The present Premier is a "free-thinker." So the place is now given to one not suspected of clerical tendencies, namely, to General Sarrail, commander of the Macedonian army in the war. He was, as will be remembered, at odds, not only with the Greeks, but also with the Italians, the English, and even with his own compatriots, the French.

We also see the French embassies and legations abroad occupied by newcomers, some of them, like MM. de Fleuriau at London, Daeschner at Washington, and Count Perretti at Madrid, men of marked ability. But why the change? *"Place aux jeunes,"* cries M. Herriot. Yet he knows perfectly well that M. Barrère, for twenty-seven years Ambassador at Rome, and M. Jusserand, for twenty-two years Ambassador at Washington, in vigorous health, represent an experience, a prestige, and an influence impossible for years to come to younger men, *"les jeunes."* What doubtless mostly moves Premier Herriot is the desire of the Socialists, riding on his back and controlling him, to get men into

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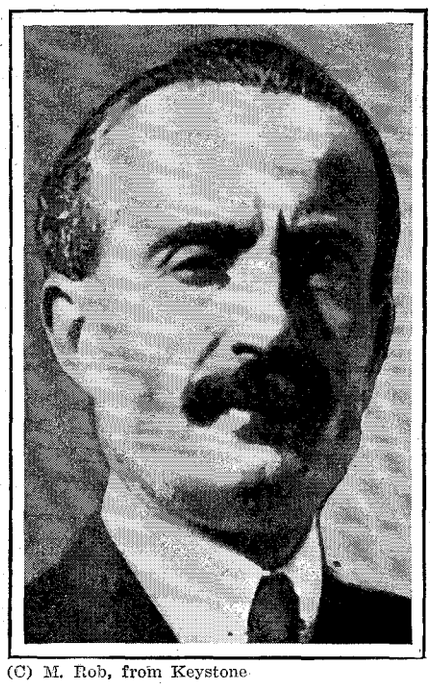
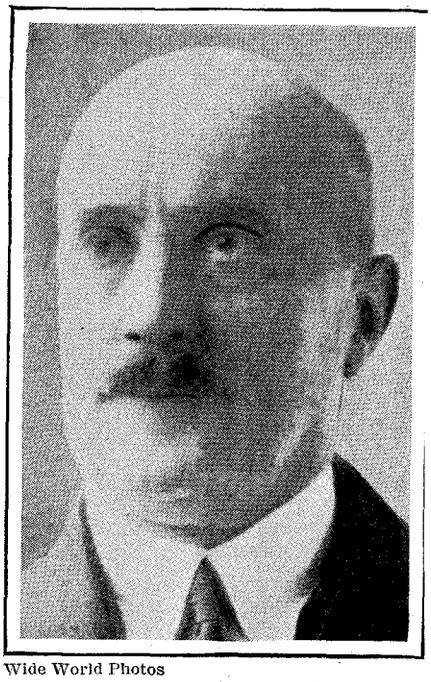


(C) M. Rob, from Keystone

Louis Jean Malvy, former Minister of the Interior, once convicted of treasonable negligence

International

Jacques Sadoul, former Captain, once sentenced to death for desertion



Wide World Photos

Joseph Caillaux, former Premier of France, once found guilty of having relations with enemy agents

Three men whom the Herriot Government has restored to citizenship

diplomatic posts abroad who have not served the previous régime.

What Price Funerals

THAT régime had resisted any recognition of the Soviet Government. When M. Herriot became Prime Minister, however, he announced that he would recognize it. He has done so, and a "comrade" Ambassador from Moscow, M. Krassin, has arrived at Paris. His first words were a greeting to France, "the Mother of Revolution." This may be taken, of course, as a mere testimony; I take it, however, as a warning.

M. Krassin added that the French Government's recognition of the Soviets was unconditional. This carried dismay to a million French men and women, lenders, before the Bolshevist Revolution, of billions of francs to Russia. Those men and women had been led to believe that the recognition would bring them within sight of some of the money due them.

M. Krassin was entirely justified in his warning. The effect of a changed foreign policy regarding Russia is already menacingly evident. The French Socialists have long wanted to celebrate their accession to power in dominating the present Radical-Socialist Government by something to strike the popular fancy. Finally, the suggestion was made of moving the remains of Jean Jaurès, the great Socialist orator and legislator, from Albi, in the south of France, to the Panthéon at Paris. Exactly the thing! Parliament, controlled by the Left, appropriated no less than 650,000 francs for the transfer and pageant, though the Unknown Soldier's state funeral cost but 80,000 francs. You can fancy the un-French excess and exaggeration of the scenic effects at the funeral the other day! Poor Jaurès, the apostle of social democracy, who was simplicity itself!

I was in Paris that day. A friend asked me to watch, from his balcony on the line of route, the state procession in honor of Jaurès. After it had passed there appeared in those streets no less than twenty thousand Communists, many wearing red shirts and caps and bearing the Bolshevist emblem—the spade and sickle—and accompanied by bands playing revolutionary airs. You heard cries of *"Vive l'armée rouge!" "Vive l'Internationale!" "Vivent les Soviets!"* The compact mass, in seeming military formation, gave an impression of force, and even of discipline. And why not, if it is true that under cover of gymnastic exercise veritable Communist troops are maneuvering in the Paris suburbs? In such suburbs as Bobigny and Levallois Communist schools have been established, the pupils being reported pledged to keep their training secret. Nor is this all. In the French factories, mines, railway stations, motor depots, and elsewhere the might of Moscow established "cellules," or groups of Communist employees, whose duty is to make other employees discontented and to report concerning the adaptability to a possible sudden exigency of the factories, depots, etc. The "exigency," it is announced, will occur in the near future.

If this fatal recognition of the Moscow monstrosity were not enough, we now find, in a profoundly Catholic country, the Herriot Cabinet's proposal, dictated by "freethinking" Radicals and Socialists, to break with the Vatican. Is the Herriot Government riding for a fall?

Making Forgiveness Cheap

THE mercy shown by the present Government with regard to amnesty is doubtless a case of sowing the wind only later to reap the whirlwind. A somewhat more conservative Senate, the upper house of Parliament, has been struggling to hold back the Chamber of Deputies, the lower house. For example, the Senate had introduced into the General Amnesty Law a section specifying that the reintegration of the revolutionary railway workers (who on the occasion of the latest great strike almost threw the country into convulsions) would be facultative, and that the railway company would of course not be obliged to take back employees who were considered dangerous *saboteurs*. But the Government, under Socialist pressure, made the Chamber substitute for this provision one making reintegration obligatory.

In addition to the vote of Parliament readmitting Caillaux and Malvy to the privileges of citizens, the Chamber has now voted to readmit Jacques Sadoul, formerly a captain in the French army, who was on November 9, 1919, in his absence, sentenced to death by court martial for desertion and other offenses. This desertion occurred in Russia, whither Sadoul had been sent in 1917 before the Bolshevist Revolution as a member of the French mission. After the

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Revolution Sadoul was ordered to return to France. He disobeyed the order, associated himself with the Bolsheviks, and actually became commissary for the Ukraine. Later he was attached to the Office of Soviet Propaganda.

The Power Behind the Throne

IN all these, as in other affairs, the Prime Minister is acting more because he is commanded so to act by the Socialists than because he is acting spontaneously. A Radical, in order to keep power as Premier, he has need of Socialist support. To get this support he has to make continual concessions to the Socialists. Of course they do not wish to provoke the fall of a Cabinet which is a tool in their hands. And yet they are continually provoking that fall, because they are afraid of the Communists and do not wish to appear to compromise with capitalist society.

The price of bread has now increased from one franc twenty centimes the kilo (2.2 pounds) at the time when the Herriot Government succeeded the Poincaré Government, to a franc and a half. More than any other one thing, this has caused resentment among all classes. M. Herriot, to his credit, has strained every effort to meet the issue. He has ordered the prefects of all the departments of France to keep a list of food prices and have a sharp eye for any retailers who overcharge consumers. Moreover, he announces a programme of taxation reduction on primary articles of food with a corresponding reduction in sale prices. He insists upon the need for maintaining a prohibition of the export of essential food products. He appeals to all wholesale and retail dealers to aid him by offering to the public at the lowest possible prices, not the delicacies of the rich, but the necessaries of the poor. Yet the grim prospect remains that during the coming year France will be compelled to import wheat, owing to the deficiency of the home supply.

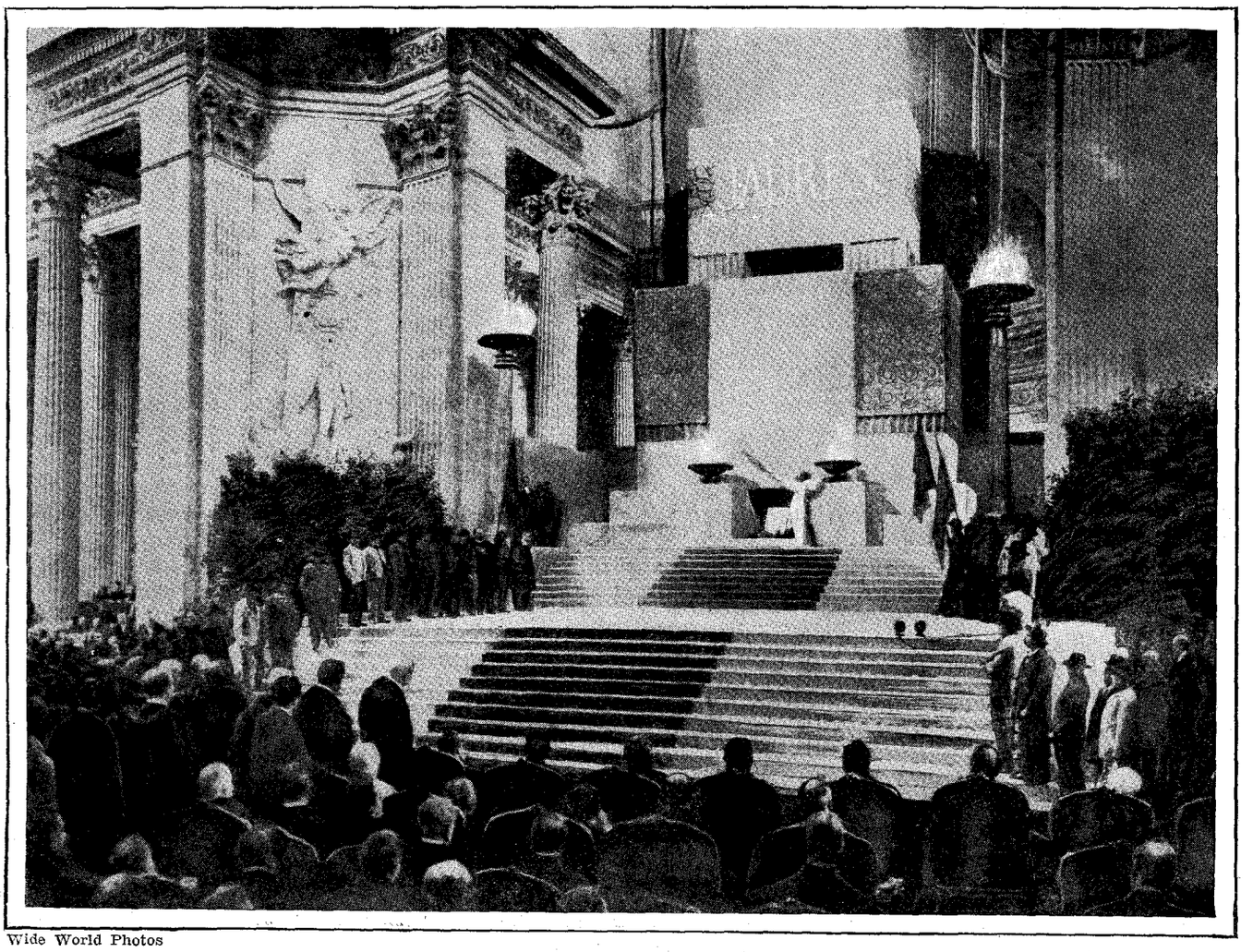
To Borrow or Tax

IN other respects France seems economically sound, though financially harassed. It is a paradox—this flourishing economic condition and unfortunate financial plight. Because of the good economic situation, we have the successes of the French external and internal loans, as the recent records of subscriptions in America and in France abundantly testify. But there are dangers in both loans. France needs a stable currency. This means, not borrowing, but new, if temporary, sacrifices by the taxpayers, the sacrifices being far outbalanced by the resultant good.

Tax incidence in France is unequal. The most prosperous class, the farmers and peasants, do not pay their just share. Moreover, tax evasion is a crying evil. It is a satisfaction to know that M. Herriot, in his search for fresh sources of income, proposes, above all, to repress frauds and to establish a more thorough tax collection.

The amusing thing about the borrowings is that one of the campaign policies of the present Government was a stoppage of these borrowings. Moreover, the Government was going to suppress the extra one-fifth tax, rightly imposed by M. Poincaré, in order to save French credit. Nor has the Government reduced the tax on business turnover, as it promised.

The Premier's admirable programme



Wide World Photos

The recent public funeral of Jaurès, Socialist, assassinated in 1914

An actress of the Comédie Française is placing a wreath on the bier. Among the spectators, M. Herriot is seated in the center, witnessing the "un-French excess." On the steps of the Panthéon are standing the guard of miners, bearers of the catafalque

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for national financing rests on the three principles of unity, sincerity, and equilibrium. If he can build an enduring mansion on this triple foundation, all men, of whatever party, will praise him. If he cannot do this, then, weakened by the above-mentioned mistakes and others, his Cabinet will meet disaster.

Saint-Julien, France, December 22, 1924.

The Brotherhood of Scientists

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

RESEARCH scientists are all alike—as much alike, that is, as members of any animal species can be—as much alike, for instance, as horses, and as different.

Imagine a Martian who has read a good book on earthly zoölogy but has seen no specimens. Show him, side by side, two individuals of the equine species—a Belgian draught horse and a Shetland pony. He will probably call the Belgian an elephant, and with some justification. The brute is big enough and droop-rumped enough. He may call the Shetland a fox, again with some justification, for the cocky creature is small enough and has a long enough tail. A Martian might be pardoned the mistake; not so an earth-man.

OUT of the deep snow of Saturday night, December 27, I climbed into the Washington Pullman of a train pulling out of Buffalo. I went into the smoking compartment. Two men were there, one leaning dejectedly against a wash-basin, the other adjusting his necktie before the long mirror. The first was clad in shiny blue serge. His shoes were cracked and innocent of shine. His annual haircut was due on New Year's day. The other, from the tips of his elegant dark-brown shoes to the crown of his pink bald head, was spick as a new pin and prosperous-looking almost beyond belief. The average man—no need to go to Mars for an observer—would have picked the one against the wash-basin for an underpaid clerk taking his wife's body home to Henderson's Cross-roads for burial. He would have taken the one before the mirror for a billionaire banker on his way to his wedding with the daughter of a thousand earls. I should have been a chucklehead if I had not recognized them instantly as research scientists on their way to the annual meeting in Washington of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The invisible something that makes them brothers under the epidermis was apparent to one who for a good many years has assiduously sought information from research scientists in their holy city, Washington.

So, having hung my overcoat on a hook and filled my Dunhill with Tennessee natural leaf, I inquired, casual-like, "Where is your meeting this year?" I knew. I am even a humble monk of

(C) Keystone

Michael I. Pupin, newly elected President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science

that ministry, a member of the A. A. A. S. because of some slight achievements in a minor scientific field years ago. I was shortening my own holiday vacation to be in Washington for the meeting. Yes, I knew, but I wanted to introduce these antipodal brothers to each other.

They turned half around and spoke—the one in front of the mirror haughtily and the one by the wash-basin hopelessly—simultaneously a single word:

"Washington."

My job was done. I devoted myself to my pipe and contemplation of the white night without. They, a little sheepishly at having betrayed themselves, fell into conversation. When I climbed into my upper at 11:30, shiny brown shoe still made fellowship with rusty black one and a discussion of whether or not a certain ductless gland really is of any consequence gave promise of going well into the wee sma' hours ayont the twal.

NOW there are in the United States fifteen thousand men exactly like those two, and very many of them came to Washington for the seventy-ninth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Very many of them, indeed—somewhere near half, I guess—live and work in Washington, in the Government departments mainly. These are the men who in practically every subdivision of science are pushing the world forward. The Association is divided into fourteen sections, each section comprising groups of similar sciences. Affiliated with the Association are fifty-eight scientific societies, more or less National in scope, and ranging all the way from the American Genetic Association to the Illuminating Engineering Society, from the Seismological Society of America to the Society of Ceramic Potters.

There is no use smearing ink on good white paper trying to tell in brief space what was done and what said by these men deep-learned in the intricacies of a hundred abstruse sciences. The story will be told in the proceedings of the meeting, a thick book which will be off the press about the first of next June. And nobody will read it. That is, nobody will read it through. Or, if there is anywhere in the world a man who will read it from cover to cover, he belongs to an order of crankdom not recognized by the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Thousands of men and women will read the portions of it devoted to their own and allied specialties. And, since science has not yet lengthened the span of human life much beyond the limit of threescore years and ten, that is as much as anybody ought to do. It is enough, too, for keeping the world moving ahead, for continuing man as an evolving organism.

The most that can be done in an

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article such as this is to tell something of the sort of men these research scientists are and of how they work; in short, of the something that makes them, unlike as they are, brothers under the topcoat—full brothers, epidermis and even undershirt included.

As I have watched them at work through a long while, I have become convinced that their bond of fellowship is their deep, sincere conviction that they do not know anything. The layman is prone to conceive of the scientist as a wise man who knows everything within his own field. That scientist, though, if he is a "progressive" scientist, knows that he is a seeker after truth who, as yet, knows nothing. If he happens to be a "conservative" scientist, his belief is not merely that he knows nothing, but that he never can know anything. Cocksureness has no place in the science of to-day, in the science which has wrought the miracles of recent generations.

Here is a paradox: Scientific knowledge is, in an important sense, the most empirical knowledge in the world. The scientist works with the most commonplace of instruments—a yardstick, a pint measure, a steelyard, a clock. True, he weighs with his steelyard things as heavy as this planet and as light, almost, as the shadow of a dream. True, with his clock he measures time to three-one-billionths of a second, believes that he can divide time still more finely, and raises the question whether time can be infinitely divided and remain time, whether there comes a point when mathematics merge into metaphysics. Still, his instruments are the commonplace things of every-day life by which the grocer measures molasses, by which the butcher weighs pork chops, and by which the hod-carrier knows when the eight-hour day is up. The single difference is that, while the others are interested mainly in the thing measured, the scientist is interested mainly in the accuracy of the measurement.

He is no scientist who, discovering in the twilight of his life that he made an error of measurement at its sunrise, does not go patiently back and readjust his lifetime of measurements. He never knows that he knows. The most that he believes is that all the facts which can be discovered and tested support his hypothesis, and if a fact is certainly found which does not support that hypothesis no reverence for the past keeps the hypothesis in good standing. How long has it been accepted as a scientific fact that light moves in waves? It was declared at this meeting of the A. A. A. S. that light moves as a shower of bullets. What related hypotheses will that overturn? No man knows.

THE research scientist trusts nothing to chance—and yet chance plays its not insignificant part in his work.

I watched Garner while he was doing much of the work which proved his tremendous discovery that plant growth and reproduction are controlled, not by temperature, but by the relative length of periods of daylight and darkness. No amount of measurement ever would have put him on the road to that discovery. Chance did it.

In Maryland tobacco fields he found occasional giant stalks which never produced seed. Frost always caught them unflowered. He put some of them in a greenhouse one autumn in the hope that they could be returned to the field next summer and would finish their work of reproduction in their second season. They flowered in the dingy greenhouse in the short days of midwinter. That raised this question: Is it possible that a relatively short period of light and a relatively long period of darkness are necessary for plant reproduction? After ten years of diligent measuring, all the facts seem to support the hypothesis that the relative length of light and darkness determines for each species of plant whether it will make vegetative growth or reproductive growth.

But, whether chance or abstract reasoning gives the cue, endless work and infinite patience bring the results. No good scientist regards a hypothesis as even tentatively established until it has been tested by every fact that can be got at.

It was my good fortune to see something of Hopkins at his labors during a part of the years when he was working out his bioclimatic law. The testing of the theory by the facts involved tramps with the advancing spring from Florida to Labrador, from the Rio Grande almost to the Yukon, across the greater part of the temperate zone on numerous lines. The locks which fall over the old scientist's collar had turned from black to gray and from gray almost to white before he felt that he had tramped enough to announce his law as a working hypothesis.

Talk—as Kipling did once—of seeing the things you gave your life to broken "and stoop and build them up with worn-out tools"!

Marlatt planted eggs of the periodical cicada in a position remote from the natural habitat of that brood. He waited seventeen years to see them emerge as adult cicadas. And all he saw was a flock of well-fed blackbirds sitting on a tree. The birds had got there before he did and swallowed the cicadas. What was to be done except to make another planting of eggs and wait another seventeen years for a new crop of cicadas? Jacob's feat of working fourteen years for possession of two attractive young women does not seem so remarkable an example of patience when you think of a scientist's waiting thirty-four years for the privilege of watching some seventeen-year locusts shed their skins in a new environment. It is gratifying to admirers of such patience that Mr. Marlatt looks to be good for another thirty-four-year watch if necessary.

THEY say science is divorced from sentiment, but I wonder if it is.

Dr. L. O. Howard, a past President of the A. A. A. S. and for long its secretary, is one of the world's outstanding authorities on malaria mosquitoes. I should say he is the world's greatest authority on that subject if I did not know he would not like it. The malaria germ, you ought to know, has to spend a part of its life in the stomach of a mosquito and the other part in a human red-blood corpuscle. Dr. Howard has frequently said that the only way to rid the world of malaria is to exterminate mosquitoes.

But the fact is that there are usually at least two ways of doing any particular thing, and so I said to Dr. Howard once: "There are really two ways of ridding the world of malaria, and it is a question of view-point as to which is better. Yours is the human view-point. The mosquito view-point may be that the right way is to exterminate human beings." Well, he said that was a pretty thought and absolutely just, and that the only reason he was fighting the mosquito was that, war being inevitable, he preferred to fight on the side of his own kind.

There is the difference between the scientist and the sentimentalist. The sentimentalist lies down between the lines when war is declared. The scientist, no more in love with war, fights on his own side.

MUCH of the foregoing has little direct connection with the Washington meeting of the A. A. A. S., but I hope it shows some of the traits which make research scientists alike despite their unlikenesses. And that is the gist of the Washington proceedings, just as of all scientific proceedings.

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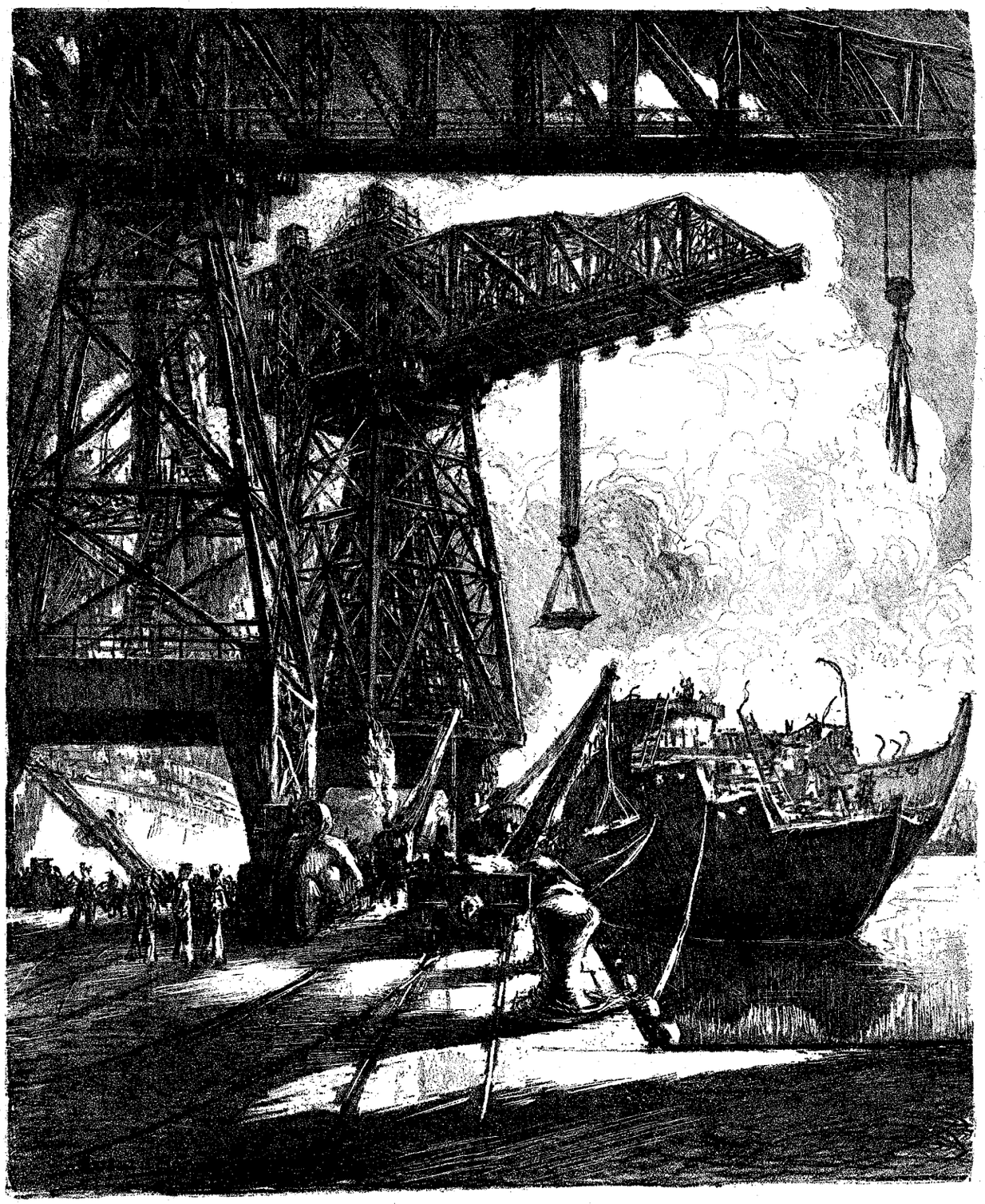
"Swords into Plowshares"

A Lithograph by Herbert Pullinger



This illustration of the scrapping of the Delaware and the cover design of this issue, showing the breaking up of the South Carolina, were sketched by the artist at the League Island Navy Yard, near Philadelphia. The picture gives dramatic evidence of the fulfillment of the Five-Power Treaty for Naval Limitation

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Horse-Sense and Horse-Play in Music

By LESLIE FAIRCHILD

Modern thoughts on an ancient conspiracy against the feet

IT may not be the most polite thing to tap your feet, snap your fingers, or shake your shoulders when the orchestra deliberately tantalizes you with one of those jazziest of jazz tunes, but do not worry about that; you are simply responding to the same force that acted on your prehistoric ancestors back in the stone age—yes, and your relatives even previous to that period. I mean our Darwinese aunts and uncles who playfully threw cocoanuts at one another.

Can You Beat It?

THE very same force which not only incited these primitive people to barbaric warfare but also soothed their savage breasts and reduced the friction of their manual labor to a minimum (much as lubricants do in this machine age) is still a vital force within you and me—a force which urges us to group periodic taps or sounds into twos or threes.

Have you ever listened to the rain falling on a tin roof or the ticking of a clock and then caught yourself mentally dividing these taps into groups of twos or threes, and often wondered what it was all about?

This strange force within, which musicians call rhythm, is a vital force which can be used to incite emotions, moods, or passions. Have you ever noticed how restless you become when some one deliberately sits and taps with his foot or fingers a rhythmic pattern without cessation, and how angry you become if he keeps on with it for any length of time? If so, you will need no other proof that rhythm induces movement or action and will have a faint idea how primitive barbarians were worked up to a warlike frenzy through the use of the tom-tom or drum.

Many will no doubt remember the emotional effect that the tom-tom in "Emperor Jones" (a play performed by the Provincetown Players two or three seasons ago) had on the audience. If I recall rightly, the unremittent thud of the tom-tom is kept going through the entire play. Emperor Jones, a Negro, has been lost in the thick of the jungle. In trying to find a way to escape he listens to the direction from which the sound of the tom-tom is presumably coming. This being a most deceptive guide, he finds that he has been traveling around in circles. The constant reiteration of this weird tone, first sounding near and then distant, together with his exhausted condition, finally drives him mad. It is much like the old-time torture of dripping water on the victim's head. So strong is this rhythmic power that on leaving the theater one continues to register mentally this unceasing beat of the tom-tom.

The Zulus Had It All Over the Jazz Hounds

WRITERS of jazz have long known this power of rhythm, which sways the masses, and they have reaped generous harvests by appealing to this universal instinct, which is as old as the universe itself. It is their direct intention to get at least your feet going, if not your entire body. It would be interesting to know how much energy, measured in foot pounds, has been expended during the brief life of one of these popular hits. I dare say that if this energy were capable of being harnessed it would supply light, heat, and power to a small town.

In just what respect is our so-called modern jazz band modern? Perhaps in its machine-made and highly polished instruments. No doubt you think the melody is on a higher plane, but really the question of melody is only a matter of taste. Or is it the trap drummer with the patent-leather hair? In fact, a Zulu warrior can do more with a drum than the average trap drummer can do with his entire outfit. In the Zulu's hands the drum becomes a living, talking thing, and as far as the patent-leather hair goes, the Zulus have it all over the modern jazz sheiks, for they grease their entire bodies to make themselves attractive.

As far as modern traps go, they hearken back to the dark ages of the tom-tom, tortoise and gourd rattles, coyote yells, foot-stamping, and hand-clapping of the primitives. They are the fundamental requisites of intensifying the rhythmic pattern of the dance, which fairly compels the dancer to strut.

The Negroes of Africa even produced tones of different quality in their simple rhythmic hand-clapping by striking the hands together flat and also by striking them together cup-shaped. Try it on your own ears and note the difference in tone from one extreme to the other.

As far as the invention of rhythmic patterns is concerned, which stimulate us to do a hundred-yard dash around a dance hall without becoming the least bit fatigued and enable soldiers to cover miles with ease that would otherwise become drudgery, we have to hand it to our barbarian friends, for they were past-masters in this field.

Even those composers whom we term ultra-modernists are not looking half so far into the future as they are into the past for material to work with. They often use what is called irregular barrings or rhythms—that is, every measure is given a different time, such as 2–4: 3–4: 4–4: 3–4: 3–8, etc. Many seem to think this to be a distinctive and original modern touch, when in reality it was used by the North American Indians and the blacks of Africa.

Be That As It May

JAZZ properly played is a remarkable stimulus to help overcome tired nerves and bad dispositions. It helps to dispel the blues, puts new life into one, and a liking for it is a wonderful starting-point for the appreciation of music that is on a higher plane.

Through rhythm, its basic element, jazz music appeals to us physically, while music on a higher plane appeals not only to our physical beings but to our emotional and intellectual selves as well. Music of the highest type possesses this threefold appeal, and one's full appreciation of it comes through slow growth—from the ground up, so to speak.

The greatest fault with jazz is to be found, not so much in the compositions themselves (for we have some fairly good exponents in this field and its technic is greatly improving), but with its interpreters. Many seem to think, from the average jazz bands we hear in vaudeville, that all that is necessary to produce jazz music is the indiscreet use of unrestrained Noise.

The truth of the whole matter is that real jazz orchestras are no more plentiful than our fine symphony orchestras, and they require just as competent musicians to perform this type of composition as the finest symphonic works.

A Little Nonsense Now and Then

IF all other arts are capable of depicting humor, why not music? The laughing trombone has pointed the way. It is the premier clown of the jazz band,

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with the muted horns running a close second. Even such masterful composers as Richard Strauss, Puccini, Schubert, and others have made use of and have enjoyed a practical musical joke. Mr. Henry Finck, the eminent author and critic, recalls in one of his books how Schubert amused his friends by singing his "Erlking" through a paper-covered comb in the most exaggerated manner of expression. In Puccini's opera "Suor Angelica" the orchestra imitates the braying of a donkey, and in Strauss's "Don Quixote" it imitates the most realistic bleating of sheep.

Ragtime and jazz are not, as many seem to think, synonymous. Ragtime is purely a case of syncopation. The time (or, a better name, rhythm) is made to sound ragged or distorted by shifting the accent of a strong beat to a weaker one, whereas jazz is a form of humorous ragtime which calls upon the various instruments to do as much clowning as is consistent with the composition. Sometimes more! Here enter the laughing trombone, muted horns that are made to squawk, the soprano saxophone that tries to outdo a prima donna, horns singing through megaphones that closely resemble the human voice, and the unusual combination of instruments having a tonal color all its own.

All Joking Aside

THE new tonal combinations produced by jazz orchestras, through the use of horns muted with everything from a derby hat or a tin can to a specially constructed plug and through unusual combinations of instruments, open up a vista of striking new effects to the symphonic writers who dare to step beyond the bounds of the classical orchestral combinations.

"I'll Show You Roads"—Missouri

By CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

The tale of a State that has found the way to dig itself out of the mud without bankrupting its taxpayers

THE cross-country tourist has been marking one section of his route in deep shadow. He could, if traveling from the East, be sure of paved roads to the Mississippi; he had reasonable certainty that when he reached the high plains and the mountain region there would be dry or granite-covered roads over which he could make a definite schedule. Between lay that forbidding area of hills and valleys, of timber-bridged creeks and, in rainy weather, glue-like mud and bottomless ruts—Missouri. To be sure, he could go via Iowa; but, fine as are its roads on dry days, they too test temper and motor power after rain. Eastern Kansas was once as bad, but a ribbon of concrete leads nearly one hundred miles west from its State line toward the drier prairies. Facetious paragraphs like these have been the delight of interior newspapers:

"Tourists who have driven from California to New York claim that there are five hundred miles of bad road. One mile is in Iowa and the rest in Missouri.

"One guy has been seven years trying to get from St. Louis to Kansas City. He says the mud is so deep that even pigs are making detours.

"One fellow's machine sunk seven feet in the mud the other day. It would have gone farther only it settled on top of a Ford.

"Another guy started digging in the mud and found the covered wagon.

"Near-by States are beginning to complain. Tourists get mud on their shoes in Missouri and wipe their feet in Illinois."

Missouri knew all this. Its suffering from stalled motor cars was not vicarious. To be sure, it had some roads—not many, but some. These were the paved streets of its more progressive cities, usually reaching into suburban areas. In rural districts stretched discouraged rambling wagon trails traced by the pioneers and neglected beyond modern comprehension because no adequate local financial plan could bring them to usefulness. Towns were isolated, trade was hampered, wonderful riches of soil and production failed to accomplish their possibilities, because of lack of transportation. Pleasure as well as business was handicapped.

Missouri undertook its problem with understanding and vision. A group of far-seeing business men, farm leaders, and representatives of civic organizations laid plans for the most comprehensive road-making ever undertaken by a commonwealth, its basis permanency and a complete service to every community. Its object was to transform the State into one neighborhood, to bring every population center in touch with every other center through a system of hard-surfaced, 365-day roads, and lift Missouri forever out of the mud.

As a beginning there were listed twenty-six cities of over 2,500 population, containing 91.7 per cent of the population of cities of that class, well

The contest between wet and dry has a special meaning in Missouri. These pictures show a road in New Madrid County

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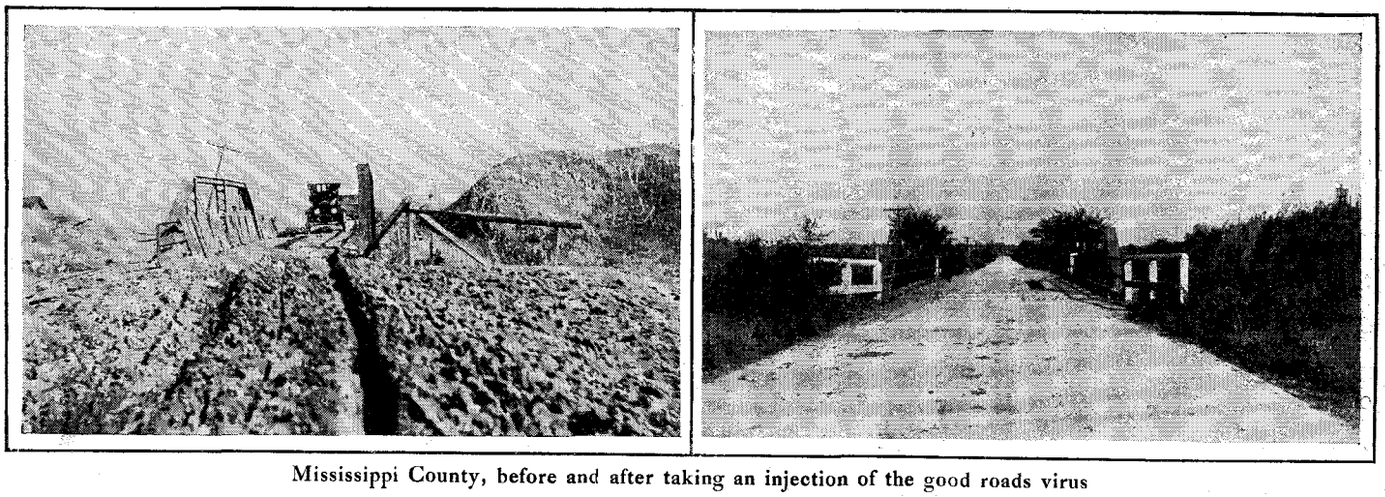

Mississippi County, before and after taking an injection of the good roads virus

distributed over the State, and with their suburban residents making fifty per cent of the entire State population. Connecting these were outlined 1,545 miles of trunk-line concrete road, taking the most direct routes possible and designed to give the largest possible service. Cross-State courses, as from St. Louis to Kansas City and from Hannibal to St. Joseph, were practically air lines, no attention being paid to the winding wagon trails or to passing along the main streets of the cities and villages. The route from St. Louis to Kansas City, for instance, is only 227.6 miles, a less distance than that traversed by any railroad, avoiding some considerable cities, and as direct as the terrain will permit. As feeders to these trunk lines were planned 6,100 miles of secondary roads, later to be hard-surfaced, but at present gravel, graded dirt, and macadam.

In its early presentation all this seemed like a beautiful dream. Could the State be induced to make it come true? Just one thing carried it across—the motor car. In 1917 Missouri had 152,119 automobiles; in 1922 it had 379,167; on January 1, 1925, there were 543,000, of which only 189,000 were in the two principal cities, St. Louis and Kansas City. The farmer wanted roads for his car, but, as in other States, he objected to paying the bill.

But the Missouri plan included provision for building the roads at once and levying no property taxes. The expense was to be met by the issuing of road bonds for immediate construction. The income from a gasoline tax and from motor licenses was to meet the interest on the bonds and form a sinking fund to liquidate the principal. Then came the next problem: Where should the first roads be built? Naturally, the dwellers in Nodaway County objected to having a boulevard built in Pettis County while their county waited years for its turn.

All right—Missouri would tote fair. It was written in the law that "construction shall begin as nearly as possible and practicable at the same time in each of the several counties," one hundred and fourteen counties being listed with the roads to be improved. That suited the people; they voted authorization to issue $60,000,000 bonds, and letting of contracts commenced. These were for grading, filling, rights of way, handsome concrete bridges and culverts, and hard-surfacing on the initial mileage.

After two years, in August, 1924, there had been completed 425 projects, 16.2 per cent of the total mileage, with 1,235 miles of hard-surfaced roads. The average cost a mile of new stone base with bituminous mixed top, eighteen feet wide, exclusive of grading and bridging, had been $24,500. Federal aid had contributed $8,745,000, with $7,000,000 more available under existing contracts. But these roads were scattered in short stretches in 114 counties, and a picture of the finished sections looked like a battlefield's trench system. The next task was to connect these immediately into a consecutive system. To follow the original plan was too slow for the people now on earth and anxious to use their new possession.

So fair and efficient was the management of the State Highway Commission under which this programme was carried on that the confidence of the people was won. They manifested it by adopting a Constitutional amendment in 1922 requiring State maintenance of the commonwealth's highways, 101 counties voting for it, though eighteen other proposals submitted at the same time failed. Then in November, 1924, came another referendum. Originally it had been provided that only $5,000,000 bonds could be sold annually. That meant years before the system could be finished. So the voters were asked to vote on another Constitutional amendment allowing $15,000,000 bonds to be sold each year, and to impose a gasoline tax of two cents a gallon and increase motor license fees fifty per cent for sufficient income. Again was approval, and immediately were let contracts that will complete the hard-surfaced projects now under way and unite the primary system by 1926. The first to be connected will be the St. Louis-Kansas City line. When all roads are completed, Missouri will have 7,650 miles of hard-surfaced roads, two for each county, connected in a State-wide network and with 1,545 miles of high-type trunk lines linking up the centers of population and being easily accessible to all counties. What more could a State want?

Missouri's "mud tax" has been estimated at $30,000,000 annually, due to extra gasoline, wear and tear on tires and cars, not to mention the loss to the farmer unable to market his products advantageously because of transportation conditions. This burden alone is sufficient to pay for the entire road system in two years, but the roads will be permanent.

This good roads movement did not merely happen. It was the result of sincere effort of men who had the good of the State at heart and who through organization frankly laid the facts before the people. The approval shows how willing is a State to act when a fair proposition is openly presented. As an example of unselfish service, take Theodore Gary, one of the State's leading business men. Appointed chairman of the Highway Commission, he realized that expert advice was needed for planning the large undertaking, and employed at his own expense one of the best road engineers of the country, formerly chief engineer of the Texas Highway Department, at $12,000 a year and expenses. Afterward the engineer's services were sold to the State at one dollar a year and expenses, for the purpose of giving him a legal standing in the department. The members of the Highway Commission, all outstanding business men of the State, are by law allowed $10 a day and expenses when in formal session. The Commission has never held

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but one day's formal meeting a month, the remainder of their service being given without payment—in fact, most of them have never in the five years' service drawn any payment whatever for salary or expenses. Then take William Volker, a prominent cement manufacturer, who gives to the State one-third the profits of his plant—that is, he sells the State one-third the output of his plants, amounting to 400,000 barrels annually, at the absolute cost of manufacture. Other business men, bankers, and newspaper men of Kansas City, St. Louis, and other centers have donated their services liberally in organization and have made large contributions in publicity—all for the good of old Missouri.

Missouri is not thinking particularly of the tourist, though it will see marvelous caravans travel its new highways. It is considering its own people, its own development, held back for years by lack of interior transportation. It has seen other States where conditions were perhaps more favorable for natural roads pass it in progress. It has seen the States to the east advance in agriculture because of ability to move products. Yet Missouri has soil, climate, mineral and agricultural wealth second to no commonwealth. It is ninth in population, ninth in wealth, eleventh in motor vehicles—and it will be ranked with the first in good roads.

The effect on the rural sections has been immediate. The farms along the lines of the completed new roads have taken on greater attractiveness. The old rail fences of the remoter counties are giving way to modern equipment and front yards are showing new touches of taste. The towns are adorning their main streets and in general toning up their appearance. Quaint and interesting villages and homes that have seen a half-century of service dot the State, picturesque scenes sprinkle its surface, streams and lakes make happy grounds for the resorter; but so much of it has been out of the way. Now it is to be open to the public, and Missouri will assume the attractions of a summer playground for a wide area of the Middle West. All this is beside the opportunity given the grain raiser and the stockman to deliver their products to market promptly. Long has the Missouri farmer endured the discomfort and financial loss of bad roads; but his day is coming. The best of it is that he will not feel the cost, and the smooth highway for his car will seem like a gift of the fairies, bringing him a new outlook on life and a larger vision of his State's greatness.

So Missouri smiles at the gibes its mud invites and bides its time. Its specialty is being shown. In two years it will show you real roads.

Occupation—Housewife

By H. P. T.

A GROUP of young married people were talking together, and one young husband kept alluding to presents which he had given his wife—a new dress, a piece of furniture, etc. My daughter, who looks with respect on woman's work, be it in the home or outside, finally could stand it no longer and burst out with: "Why do you keep talking about the things you *give* A.? She earns them just as much as you do by working in the home and *saving* money." Needless to say, there was a heated argument, and the young husband still holds his own point of view.

I want to put in a plea for the recognition of any "job" held down by women in the home as well as in the world outside. I hope earnestly that the time will come when, instead of putting "no occupation" in Census reports and income-tax returns, all women who run homes will enter, "Occupation—Housewife." We must, however, be proud of our own occupation in order to have it respected by others. Many of us do not look upon housekeeping and mothering as a definite business and as filling an economic want. So the young husband often really thinks that the home and children somehow run themselves, with a little pleasant supervision on the part of his wife. The wife, if she is running her home capably, should insist on its being recognized as her business, should bring all her intelligence to bear on her problems, and should spare her husband the many petty details, just as he should not bring home to her all his office troubles. Said a very remarkable man to me: "Why do women complain so much of housekeeping troubles? The cook has just left, another maid has been impertinent, etc. What do they think a man's business consists of? Why, trouble, trouble all the time, never ending—that is what business is. If business ran as easily as a woman wants her house to run, there would be no need for the officers of a company to be at their desks daily. Sometimes I do nothing all day except to smooth out one difficulty after another."

In the old-fashioned household there was some one always on duty; the housewife busy about the home for the greater part of the day or an old family retainer who looked after things in her absence. A home cannot run itself, and it is necessary that some one should be on duty, like the head men in any business, to smooth out difficulties and to be appealed to in emergencies. Some clear-sighted people lay the present problems of the younger generation to the fact that during the war the mothers were busy with war work and there was no supervision over the children. Wealthy households can still command a corps of intelligent assistants, but in the household of moderate means the faithful old family retainer is a mere memory; she has passed on to the lure of higher wages. Even mediocre help demands a price which makes it prohibitive in the average home, and a trained nurse is becoming a luxury which few can afford. So it has become necessary for women of intelligence and refinement to put their shoulders to the wheel as did their pioneer ancestors—they do not spin and weave, but they do cook and care for the children. Our young married girls are meeting the situation well and courageously; I know many a girl, brought up in luxury, who cares for her baby and cooks her husband's dinner, and, moreover, does it all daintily and cheerfully. So housework is taking on a new dignity, and the young wife should feel that her duties and hours of business are looked on with respect and that she is earning her fair share of the family income. "Service" is the password in the bigger world, but it has been in an anomalous position in family life. Through the stress of high prices service to our families is coming back into its own—the loving, unpaid service which was in danger of being crowded out of the home. Only let it hold an honored position in this new order of ours, and let it be remembered that wife, mother, sister, or aunt is giving *time* which could command a good price in the business world. Let the position of housewife be looked upon as filling an economic want and as performing a definite "job."

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Kicks and Slides

P. & A. Photos

Soccer at Central Park, New York City—Teams from the British steamers Ohio and Essequibo give an exhibition game while their ships are in port

A "cross-country" ski race on Lake Placid, New York

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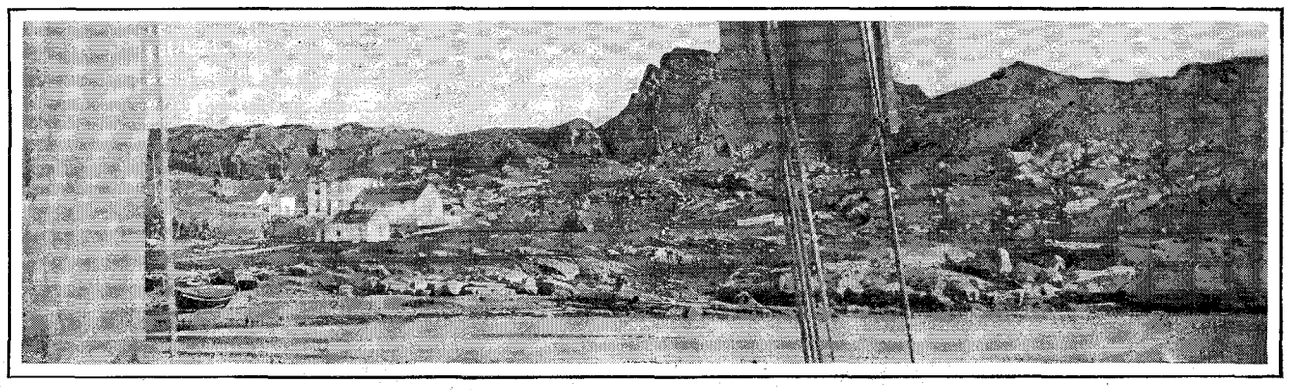

A picture of the Indian Harbor Hospital (of the Grenfell Mission) taken through the rigging of a vessel in the harbor

A Tale of Rorie McLeish

By JOHN T. ROWLAND

FROM Cutthroat Tickle to Run-by-Guess is a good twelve miles; and wonderful hard miles they be of a dark night, with all the isles and rocks between, to say nothing of a desperate gale of wind off the sea and the cold mist driving in that thick a man can scoop it up with a bailer. Then there's the ice—Lord love you, man, the ice! 'Tis always there, even in the month of August—big islands and small, with strings of calves streaming away from them and pans of floe ice scattered about between.

And back of all lies the wicked black rock of the Coast, foaming through its teeth where the storm seas crash against it. There's no worse place on the whole length of the Labrador, man dear! Yet this is the stretch the young doctor wanted to do that wild night in our bit of a yawl boat.

Eli Parsons, him that keeps the fish-room for Job, rowed out and brought us the call. We were sitting quiet, the doctor readin' and me harking to the gale, when a boat thumped alongside and Parsons burst into our wee cabin.

"There's a fishin' vessel ashore down beyant," says he, "and a man mortal hurt aboard o' she! Skipper Tom Ford from Ticoralak came by her in the Jeannie, and they ca'ed out to him to fetch a doctor. 'Twas blowin' that hard and the sea was breakin' that wicked on the ledges he dared not go near. So he came on and left word for you to the 'room.'"

The bit boatie tugged hard at her anchor right there in the sheltered harbor as the great gusts swept o'er. My young doctor laid by his pipe.

"You an' me will be gettin' under way, Rorie," says he.

"Man," I told him, "it is madness. But let be! No one shall be saying a McLeish held back when there was life to save."

A GREAT hand for sailin' was the young doctor. To see him standin' to the tiller on a gusty day with the spray dashin' in his face and the fair head of him bare to the wind you would say it was Leif, son of Eric, come back to sail the seas he found.

But for all his skill, there's a gulf 'twixt daring and foolishness, and I could see naught to this but the last. For, understand me, should we go clear of Big Island and the Ledges, there was still the Duck Islands to pick us up; and should we by rare luck go past these and win to Icy Tickle, there was yet Run-by-Guess itself—and a dour old heap of rock it is, girt with nameless islets and reefs.

On one of the wester' o' these (out towards Pottle's Bay, as I took it) lay the stranded vessel.

"She'll be broke up afore ever us wins there," I muttered, more to myself than to him.

"More reason for hurry. Give her the whole mainsail, Rorie!" the doctor sings out.

Well, man, it was awfu'! How the mast stayed in that bit boatie I cannot say.

"The Almighty's got her in tow, Rorie," my young doctor shouted. "Now look at her go!"

Were you acquaint' with the Errand o' Mercy, sir? No? A famous little craft in her day; she were lost soon after this trip I be tellin' of. I'll warrant she suffered more misery, along the Labrador, than any two-topmast schooner on the Coast. The simple folks down North, sir—livyères and Huskimos—they used to pray for a gale o' wind whenever one fell ailin', for they said that the harder it blew and the wickeder the sea the more likely yon little boatie to come a-skitterin' along.

I've seen the Old Doctor, now—but that's another story. After all, I doubt not this was the most desperate run that she made.

Only thirty feet long, but decked over the whole length of her, she was as tight as a bottle, sir, and light as a cork. Rode over top of everything.

Some rich man in the States built her to go pleasure sailin', but when his son died he lost heart in her and gave her to the Mission. We strengthened her ribs and changed her name from Calypso to the Errand o' Mercy. Then, havin' made a Christian vessel of her, we put her to work savin' poor folks' lives.

So for me to have hung back (I was crew in her, you'll understand) would have been like a soldier whimperin' again' the word to advance into battle.

As we were passing through the harbor mouth a great gust took her, and she schooned off before it like a toboggan on a skim of ice. There was a glint or two of lights aboard the fishin' vessels anchored in the Tickle, and then the whole world was black. Everywhere was black, sir, except the crests of the great seas foamin' alongside or racin' up from astern.

I'm thinkin' there was honest stuff put into that canvas. Every minute I expected to hear it go, but still it held on—and the mast too.

Well, sir, after a while I got a bit used to this style of travel and I squinted over at the compass to see how we might be headin'. The dial of this compass was luminous, needing no light, which was fortunate, for none could have been kept burning. Surprised I was to see her head laid on south when, to follow the proper passage down shore, it should have been west.

I asked no question, but the young doctor seemed to know what was in my mind, for he put his mouth close to my

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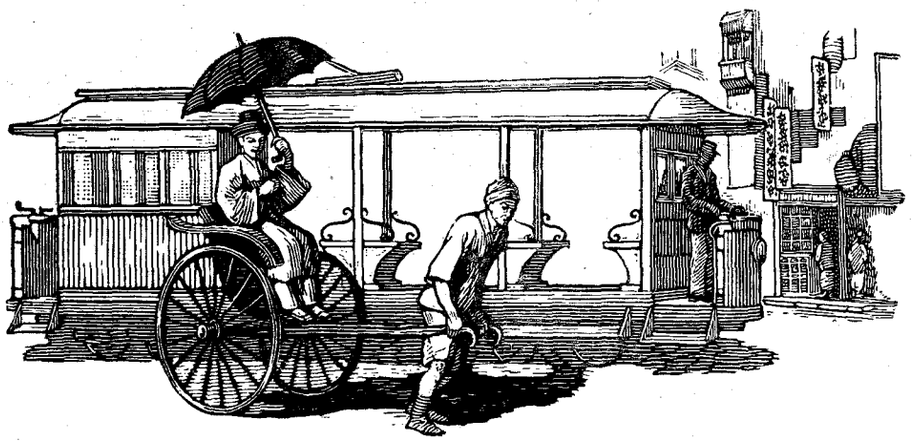

ASIA GOES TO MARKET

Change works fast in the Orient:

There are trolley cars in Pekin. There are telephones in Tokio. In Hong Kong houses and streets are electrically lighted. The 'rickshaw is giving way to the automobile.

Chinamen are eating American breakfast cereals. They are smoking American cigarettes.

And now comes news that a new chewing gum has been created especially for the Chinese trade.

Asia, once looked upon as just a place from which to import silks and curios, has gone to market.

In eight years China jumped from twenty-eighth to fifth place among world buyers of American goods. In ten, Japanese imports increased threefold.

The Dutch East Indies, the Malay States, British India, Chosen, Siberia, Australia and the Philippines are eager for a chance to trade.

Across the Pacific lie three-quarters of the world's people, white men, black men, yellow men and brown men.

Year by year their buying power grows. Year by year they look more and more to America for manufactured goods of all kinds.

A commerce destined to become the greatest in all history, already amounting to hundreds of millions annually, is to be the heritage of certain youthful cities in the Pacific Northwest.

And the names of these youthful cities, looking hopefully westward across the highway of this commerce, are Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, Astoria, Bellingham, Everett, Bremerton, Port Angeles, Gray's Harbor, Aberdeen, Hoquiam and Anacortes.

They are the ports of Washington and Oregon. They are the natural outlets for American trade with the Orient. For they are nearer by several days' sailing than the ports of California to the chief points of Asia and the islands of the Pacific. They are nearer by rail to the Atlantic Seaboard. They are endowed with harbor facilities unparalleled on our Atlantic Coast.

And the Pacific Northwest, of which they are the commercial capitals, the states of Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho and Wyoming, has tremendous industrial resources—half the potential water power of the United States, half its standing timber, billions in foods, metals, coal and oil—to support this commerce.

American industrial enterprise is reaching westward, for in the Pacific Northwest it sees its greatest opportunity *now!*

Table of exports from the United States, showing proportion sent to the Orient of each of the articles listed

(Based on 1922 figures of the Far Eastern Division, U. S. Department of Commerce)

Cigarettes	99%
Wire nails	67%
Textile machinery	63%
Rails	61%
Transmission equipment	59%
Power and other transformers	59%
Generators	51%
Illuminating oil	47%
Sewing machines	37%
Construction machinery	37%
Motorcycles	36%
Motors	35%
Motor trucks	33%
Metal-working machinery	29%
Automobiles	27%
Structural steel	25%
Tires	22%

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST

The Chicago Burlington & Quincy R.R.
The Great Northern Ry.
The Northern Pacific Ry.

NORTHERN PACIFIC
Burlington Route
GREAT NORTHERN

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"As far back as I can remember Baker's was the best"

BAKER'S COCOA

is better because it is made of better beans by a better process and has a better flavor than other kinds.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780

Dorchester, Mass. Montreal, Can.

BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

ASTHMA

The assurance of comfortable repose appeals to every sufferer from asthma.

The popularity of Vapo-Cresolene is due to—

Continuous treatment while the patient enjoys undisturbed rest.

Avoidance of internal medication.

Prompt relief. Unquestionable merit.

Vapo-Cresolene Est. 1879 "Used while you Sleep"

The household remedy for bronchial troubles

Sold by druggists

Send for descriptive booklet 31B

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.

62 Cortlandt St., New York

or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada

ear and shouted: "I'm standing out clear of everything. We'll haul up west again when we've got well out to sea."

'Twas a sensible thing when you stop to think of it. Yet it was a daring one too; and I'll tell you why. I don't know, sir, whether you're acquaint' how us poor folks on the Coast have been in the habit of findin' our way from one place to another. There's scarce a chart on a one of our vessels—much less a skipper who could read one—and as for they printed books that tells you how to go from here to there, I doubt ye'll even find one upon the mail packet. But there's a kind of verse, sir, that father teaches to son; and it is as long as the old Coast himself. This is the fashion of it:

From Gready Head steer north by west till George's Island lays abeam.
Then change her head to east northeast and Indian Island will be seen.

That's our sailing directions, that each man carries stowed away in his head. When the fishin' vessels go down shore in the spring, that's all the guide they follow. And outside of these proper ship runs, sir, there's no man of us knows aught about the coast. To strike boldly out to sea after the manner the young doctor was doing—man, 'tis a thing unheerd of!

"How can he tell when to close the land again?" I wondered. And the more I thought of the wild fury of the night and the stark blackness, the more it seemed we were making a bad job worse.

AFTER a while—a long time it felt—the doctor sings out to me again. He has been studyin' the wrist-watch strapped on his sleeve.

"Half an hour, Rorie," he shouts. "That will be five miles at this gait. We're beyond the Ledges now; let her go west." And he motions me to take the tiller while he looks to shifting the sail across.

Have you ever stood on a plunging bit of a deck and tried to jibe a big mainsail with a gale of wind at your back? I cannot say surely how he managed it; yet somehow it was done, and the Errand o' Mercy was off like an arrow on her new course.

Now we got the full heft of the east wind and the great seas leaping up to the sky. We stood on the top of one and schooned while the crest curled and then broke all about us. It rushed ahead, leaving us in the welter of spume. At the bottom of the trough we lay a moment or two becalmed.

"Note the time, Rorie," says the skipper. "At nine-five we should be off Icy Tickle. Then we must haul up again for the land—and we'll fetch in the lee of Run-by-Guess, God willing."

"Amen to that," I told him.

Well, sir, we ran on and on, and got nothing worse than a ducking now and then from the old combers that broke athwart her. I had great hopes that the doctor's figurin' was right, and I fell to thinkin' what a grand story this would make for a winter evening and how the old skippers would snort and storm at the tellin'—they as never went to sea unless a man could see for ten miles clear round the horizon. All at once a thunderin' roar of surf broke out right in our path.

"Breakers!" I cried. "'Tis over wi' us!" Man, but I was scairt!

A moment the doctor stood stone still. Then he grabbed the tiller from me and drove it down hard, and the little boatie spun around broadside to the wind.

"Ice," he shouted. "That's all."

A big berg it was—full a hundred feet across the front and grounded upon the bottom. The seas broke against it as on a cliff. We passed it by; then he put back again on to our course.

"There will be no floes, and that's one comfort," said I. "This gale will have drove them into the land."

"Aye," said the young doctor. He was well pleased at the way she had handled.

After that, sir, I felt more steady. Nine o'clock came, and still we were travelin' fine. At five minutes past we jibed again, but this time a great sea leaped into the belly of the sail, and before you could wink it had burst all abroad. Nothing was left but a few shreds of canvas and the bolt rope lashed to the gaff.

"Rorie, man, we've lost our power!" the young doctor cried. And if you'll believe me, sir, he laughed.

"We may yet drive in somewhere near the wreck." That was all the thought he had.

I'm no coward, sir, as I hope you will believe, but I saw now all the folly of our doing, and I guessed what the folk would say: "Another Mission vessel lost, and that old fool Rorie McLeish along wi' her." And my daughter cryin' by her fireside, an' the wee bairns tuggin' at her skirt to know why she took on so. I near wept for the pity of it all.

But the young doctor sat in the cockpit hammering against the coaming with his heels while he hummed a snatch of tune in the lulls.

"If it will hearten you," says he, "I will sing a bit." And off he goes. I mind the endin' of that song well, though I'm no so gude at the air:

We'll show that damned old Kaiser
Bill what the Yankee flotilla can do!

"We never had to do much, as it turned out," says he, "but the intention was good. Now, to my mind, this sort

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of a racket beats hunting Hun subs all hollow." Submarines, sir, he meant.

WELL, with one thing and another the time passed, as it is bound in nature to do. We were not standing still by any means, but just where we were drifting to no man could say. After a bit the young doctor gets to studyin' the direction o' the wind and goes down into the cabin to look at his chart.

When he comes up, he has no min.. to sing.

"Listen for breakers, Rorie," is all he says.

Now 'twas a queer thing, sir, but about this time the sea began to grow less. Presently I did hear the bellow of breakers, but between oursel's and the wind. Then the gale like to have died out altogether, and I felt the nearness of some great cliff.

"That will be the High Head on the west end of Run-by-Guess," said I. " 'Tis always calm under that when the wind is in the east."

The young doctor sat dumfounded, like as if he could not believe our good luck. Then all at once he fetched me a crack on the back that near brast me open.

"By the Great Megatherion!" he shouts (whatever ship that might be). "I clean forgot about the compass. 'Tis a point and a half out, and I made no allowance for it! You're right, Rorie; we're drifting into the lee of Run-by-Guess as neat as a whistle—and it is well named, if you ask me!"

Well, sir, in my belief, Providence itself sent that sea which scoffed our bit sail; but if you prefer to call it luck I'll no quarrel with you, for, to my mind, they're but two names for the one thing.

"Yonder is a light on the stranded vessel," the doctor called out. It was true. By the direction I knew she must be on the inner reef and in a safe enough spot for us to get at, having come where we were.

We took out the sweeps and worked slowly towards her.

"Now I must get to my own trade," said the young doctor, "and I'll no bungle it as I have yours. But first let us have a look at the time."

" 'Tis a quarter to ten," said I, bending over to look at the glow of the hands. "Two hours to the minute since we left out beyant."

"Not such a bad run—for the night," said he.

" 'Tis no so verry bad, sir," I said, "though I'll own to you a country vessel might have done it in half that time by following the proper ship run."

It is not well these young lads should get too high an opinion of theirselves.

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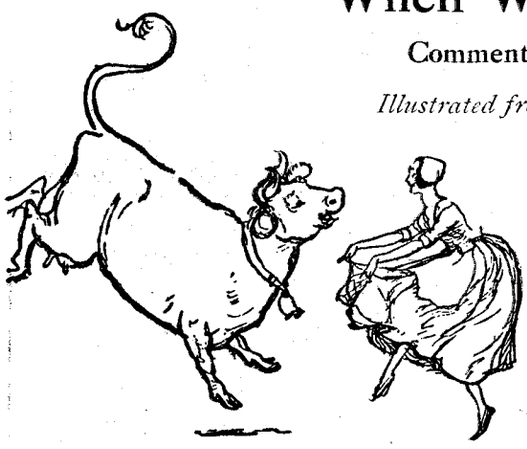
The Book Table

When We Were Very Young

Comments by EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

Illustrated from the drawings by Ernest H. Shepard



TUCKED away in a corner of Mr. Guiterman's article in this section of The Outlook for December 31 there was a paragraph about the book of verses by Mr. A. A. Milne, "When We Were Very Young."[1] Still more must be said about this book, or I shall have failed in my duty to the readers of this periodical. That duty is, whenever I have had especial and unusual pleasure in reading a book to say so on this page, or to see that somebody gives it a warm recommendation as soon as possible.

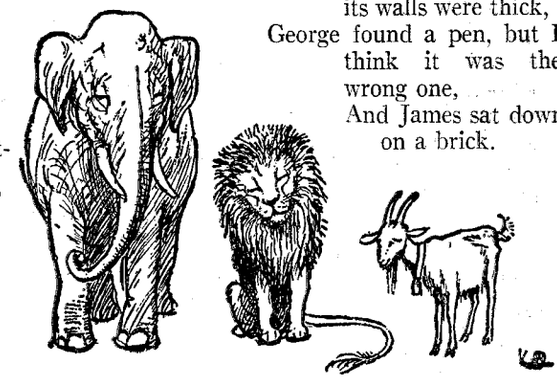
Mr. Milne has been an assistant editor of "Punch." Although a soldier during the war, he continued to write for "Punch" some of the most amusing verses and prose sketches which lightened that dark period. Many amateurs have appeared in his play "Wurzel Flummery," and many an audience has enjoyed "Mr. Pim Passes By." His novel "The Red House Mystery" had a success. Readers were quick to note the poems about children which began to appear in "St. Nicholas" and in "Punch" last spring, and to take delight in their metrical ingenuity and humor. Especially, they went about repeating lines from "The King's Breakfast"—

The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid:
"Could we have some butter for
The Royal slice of bread?"
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid,
The Dairymaid
Said, "Certainly,
I'll go and tell
The cow
Now
Before she goes to bed."

Mr. Guiterman said that this was a book to get for "a kind child who will let you read it out loud." That is exactly true, but grown-ups with no children handy will enjoy it also, and it is not absolutely necessary for a child to be indulgent with his elders before he can listen to these rippling measures. Anybody who likes funny animals will enjoy "The Four Friends," of which the first three stanzas are:

Ernest was an elephant, a great big fellow,
Leonard was a lion with a six-foot tail,
George was a goat, and his beard was yellow,
And James was a very small snail.

Leonard had a stall, and a great big strong one,
Ernest had a manger, and its walls were thick,
George found a pen, but I think it was the wrong one,
And James sat down on a brick.



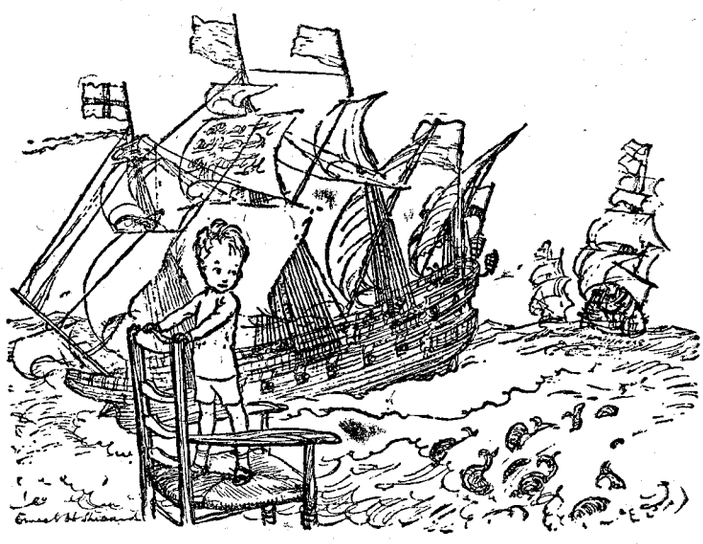
Ernest started trumpeting, and cracked his manger,
Leonard started roaring, and shivered his stall,
James gave the huffle of a snail in danger
And nobody heard him at all.

A person must be very serious not to relish the recipe for avoiding bears in the city streets given in "Lines and Squares;" not to like to learn all about the scheme of life of "The Three Foxes," or about the mouse with the "woffelly" nose. Mr. Milne is a master of the art of coining words, and another example of his mastery has already been given in "The Four Friends." I wish there were more in the book about the swan, "Pooh," mentioned in the preface. I am "pleased to meet" Sir Brian, who

. . . had a battleaxe with great big knobs on;
He went among the villagers and blipped them on the head.

You must be introduced to James James and his Mother:

James James
Morrison Morrison
Weatherby George Dupree
Took great
Care of his Mother,
Though he was only three.
James James
Said to his Mother,
"Mother," he said, said he;



[1] When We Were Very Young. By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

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"You must never go down to the end of the town, if you don't go down with me."

King John
Put up a notice,
"Lost or STOLEN
or STRAYED!
JAMES JAMES
MORRISON'S
MOTHER
SEEMS TO HAVE
BEEN MIS-
LAID.
LAST SEEN
WANDERING VAGUELY:
QUITE OF HER OWN ACCORD,
SHE TRIED TO GET DOWN TO
THE END OF THE TOWN—
FORTY SHILLINGS RE-
WARD!"

James James
Morrison Morrison
(Commonly known as Jim)
Told his
Other relations
Not to go blaming *him*.
James James
Said to his Mother,
"Mother," he said, said he;
"You must *never* go down to the end of the town without consulting me."

James James
Morrison's Mother
Hasn't been heard of since.
King John
Said he was sorry,
So did the Queen and Prince
King John
(Somebody told me)
Said to a man he knew:
"If people go down to the end of the town, well, what can *anyone* do?"

And the entertainment will be closed by quoting "At the Zoo:"

There are lions and roaring tigers, and enormous camels and things,
There are biffalo-buffalo-bisons, and a great big bear with wings,
There's a sort of a tiny potamus, and a tiny nosserus too—
But *I* gave buns to the elephant when *I* went down to the Zoo!

There are badgers and bidgers and bodgers, and a Super-in-tendent's House,
There are masses of goats, and a Polar, and different kinds of mouse,
And I think there's a sort of a something which is called a wallaboo—
But *I* gave buns to the elephant when *I* went down to the Zoo!

If you try to talk to the bison, he never quite understands;
You can't shake hands with a mingo—he doesn't like shaking hands.
And lions and roaring tigers *hate* saying, "How do you do?"—
But *I* give buns to the elephant when *I* go down to the Zoo!

The New Books

FICTION

DESERT BREW. By B. M. Bower. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.

A booze-hound, a bootlegger, a revenuer, a novelist, a wife who takes the boozer to the great open spaces of the West to reform him (but, alas! booze is not unknown out there)—these and others whirl around in lively fashion to make a new Bower story.

FRESH WATERS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Richard Washburn Child. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.

"The Eyes of the Gazelle" and "A Thirty Thousand Dollar Slap" are the best of these short stories. The average is good. But we would sooner re-read our ex-Ambassador's early novel, "Jim Hands," than the whole dozen.

THE ENCHANTED WANDERER. By Nicolai Lyeskov. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $2.50.

Picaresque, fantastic, romantic, are adjectives rightly applied by the publishers to this queer book, introduced with a too exuberant flourish by Maxim Gorky. Lyeskov writes good and queer stuff, but when Gorky puts him ahead of Tolstoy, Gogol, and Turgenev he is ringing his bell too loud.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

GREATER FRANCE IN AFRICA. By William M. Sloane. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

The result of observations made by Professor Sloane as a member of an unofficial so-called "commission" of distinguished Americans invited to make a tour of Morocco and Algiers under the auspices of the "Committee France-America." It must have been one of the most delightful of tours. Professor Sloane testifies with disinterested enthusiasm to the extraordinary efficiency and sagacity of French administration in North Africa. An interesting and valuable book, though, it has reluctantly to be

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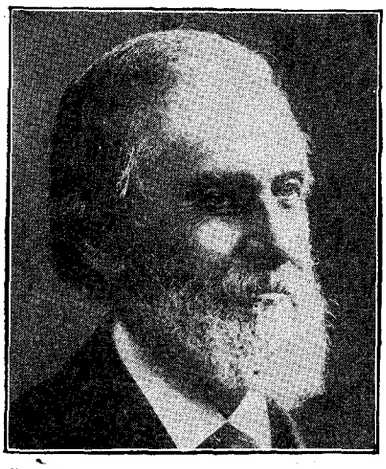

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In this excellently illustrated account of journeys made by the author with John Wetherill, frontier guide of Kayenta, we are told of the hardships and joys of the way. For miles one must climb up and down over the Baldheads, or slick-rocks, which man and beast abhor. In work across country one is constantly faced with the problems of getting an outfit down precipitous canyon walls and of finding a way out again. The use of TNT at an otherwise impassable point enabled the party to find a new and shorter route to the great bridge by way of the southern and western sides of Navajo Mountain. To those who know the magic of our southwestern country this region is a challenge not to be overlooked, and all these will dream dreams over this attractive book.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

FIVE YEARS OF EUROPEAN CHAOS. By Maxwell H. H. Macartney. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $4.

Whatever future generations may think of the Great War itself, they will undoubtedly read with shocked incredulity about that disgraceful epilogue which began with the closing of the Armistice and which has not yet been brought to an end. It is with the various phases of this epilogue Mr. Macartney is particularly concerned. In his capacity of special correspondent for the London "Times" he has since 1918 visited Hungary, Austria, Silesia, the Ruhr district, Ireland, Greece, and Turkey. He was an eye-witness to such startling incidents as the Communist régime in Budapest, the plebiscite in Upper Silesia, and the deposition of the Sultan at Constantinople. He wields a vivid and effective pen, and his capacity for shrewd observation is supported by a sound mastery of

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POETRY

SO MUCH VELVET. By Franklin P. Adams. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

This is one of the best—we are not sure it isn't the very best—of the books F. P. A. has made from "The Conning Tower." There are a dozen things in it we would like to quote, but as a choice must be made, and as we are especially sad that he has stopped his "Diary of Our Own Samuel Pepys," we will repeat his

A BALLADE OF MR. SAMUEL PEPYS

"Up, to the office, and there till four;"
"Up, to the office, and to the play."
Thus Mr. Pepys in the years of yore.
This is the sum of his earthly day.
Early he rose, or long he lay;
Donned his stockings and ate his bread,
Went to court in a splendid shay . . .
"Up, to the office . . . and so to bed."

"Saw the ships as they left the shore";
"Met with Nelly . . . my wife distrait";
"Kissed Mrs. Knipp . . . but I vowed no more."
This is the sum of his earthly day.
"So to church for an hour, to pray;
So to a barber's, who trimmed my head.
Met with Mercer, who said me nay.
Up, to the office . . . and so to bed."

"Donned my surtout I had never wore;
So to the office, accounts to pay.
Met with Nell, which I do deplore."
This is the sum of his earthly day.
"So to the playhouse, and thence away
Home, and a volume of Potter's read.
Played my flute, and was merry and gay . . .
Up, to the office . . . and so to bed."

L'ENVOI

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may—
This is the sum of his earthly day.
And, when the whole of it's done and said,
"Up, to the office . . . and so to bed."

DRAMA

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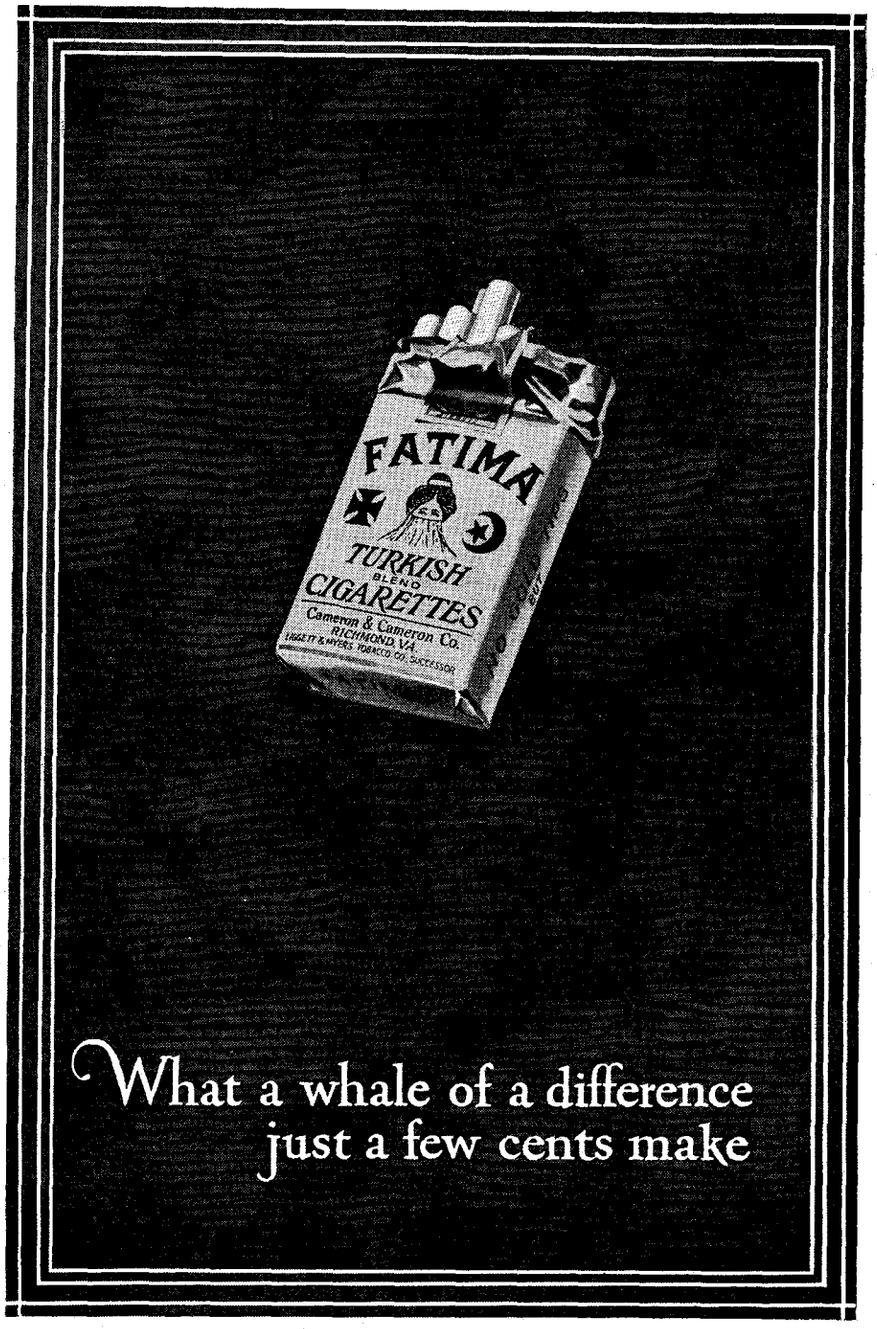

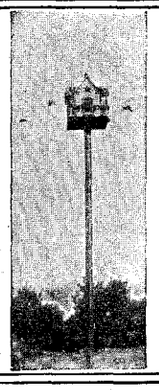

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of the series and of its satisfactory *format*. As to Molière, his wit and satire are as keen now as they were when Louis XIV was young.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE REASONABLENESS OF THE LAW. By Charles W. Bacon and Franklyn S. Morse. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $3.

To prove that, in the language of the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe," "the law is the true embodiment of everything that's excellent."

Notes on New Books

THE OLD TESTAMENT. A New Translation by James Moffatt. Vol. I—**Genesis to Esther.** The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

There are small verbal differences in this translation from the King James Version: the ark becomes a "barge," Adam and Eve's aprons become "girdles," etc. More important is the designation, in italics, of extracts from the Judahite narrative (J) in the Pentateuch, and from the narrative from Northern Israel (E), which are inclosed here in square brackets. The translation is interesting to scholars and to many general readers; but it takes the place of the Authorized Version hardly more than Lamb's "Tales" take the place of Shakespeare's plays.

LINCOLN. By Nathaniel Wright Stephenson. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

An extensive study rather than a biographical narrative. The facts of his life are given, but the author tries to explain Lincoln's personal life, "especially of its springs of action as revealed and deepened by the ordeal of war." A book worth reading. Price not given on the book.

1700 MILES ON OPEN BOATS. By Cecil Foster. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $4.

The story, by the captain of the steamship Trevessa, of her loss in the Indian Ocean, and the voyage of her boats to or near Mauritius.

CHARLES LAMB: A PLAY. By Alice Brown. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

A five-act play introducing Charles and Mary Lamb and many of their literary friends. A play to read; perhaps to act—Lamb's own experience in play-writing shows that nobody can tell about that until it is tried.

ELEPHANTS AND ETHNOLOGISTS. By G. Elliot Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $6.

A learned, interesting, and curious book. The author, an archæologist, has observed the presence of the effigies of elephants on the ancient monuments and remains in Central America. Were they copies of Asiatic works, or were they done in pre-Columbian times by Asiatic immigrants? The illustrations, from woodcuts, are admirable.

MY DUEL WITH THE VATICAN. By Alfred Loisy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

Translated from the French by R. W. Boynton, this presents the autobiography of the Catholic Modernist who was dismissed from his professorship and excommunicated by the Church of Rome.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN LABOR MOVEMENT. By Mary Beard. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.50.

A brief and convenient history.

JOSEPH CONRAD: A PERSONAL REMEMBRANCE. By Ford Madox Ford. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

An informal book; no dates nor biographical details of the usual kind. The personal impressions of a friend.

SHORT GUIDES TO LONDON. Edited by Findlay Muirhead. The Macmillan Company, London. 6s.

One of the blue guides; supplanting Baedeker.

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Financial Department

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to **advise** the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to The Outlook Financial Department, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Transferring Property

By William Leavitt Stoddard

THERE died recently a young woman school-teacher who lived with her mother and unmarried brother. A week or so after her death the family found among her effects several savings-bank books, a few dollars in cash, and a Liberty Bond for $100 registered in the name of the deceased. She had left no will, and besides a few clothes and small things she owned no other property than what has just been enumerated.

For the first time in his life the brother found himself confronted with the problem of winding up the affairs of a deceased person. He had but the vaguest notion how to proceed. He had heard that in such cases it was necessary to appoint an administrator of the estate. But here was an "estate" whose total value was less than five hundred dollars. Must all the formalities be gone through? Was there not some short cut which could be taken to secure the transfer of the property to the mother?

He took his case to the trust department of his bank, where he discovered that the law of his State made special provision for small estates, and the friendly officer in charge offered to help him steer the business along to a conclusion. The item which eventually gave the most trouble was the registered Liberty Bond.

From the Federal Reserve Bank was obtained a form printed by the United States Treasury Department called "Application for transfer or exchange of registered bonds of a deceased owner without administration." The form was longer than the Federal income-tax return. It was in the nature of an affidavit, to be signed by the relatives of the deceased, supported by another affidavit of two "disinterested" persons, preferably officers of banks, who were acquainted with the deponents—that is, with the relatives making the affidavit. Briefly, the following information was required:

Name, place of residence, etc., and death certificate of the deceased; names, ages, and addresses of the persons related to the decedent, with their degree of relationship; names of any relatives who were minors, together with name of guardian, if any; amount of United States registered securities in the estate of the deceased, with number of bond or bonds, and all detail; statement as to the gross value of the estate; names of creditors of the estate and amount of their claims; similar statement as to debts of the deceased; and a few other items relating to the requested transfer of the bonds.

"All this for a hundred-dollar Liberty Bond!" exclaimed the brother. "What a mass of red tape the Government demands!"

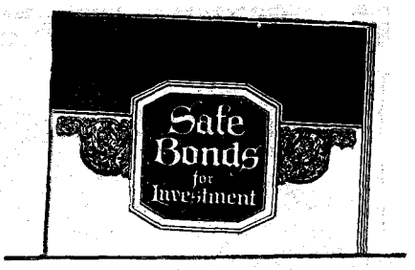
"Yes," was the answer. "But don't blame the Government. Uncle Sam is merely doing, a little more elaborately, perhaps, just what any corporation would do in the case of one of its bonds or a share of its stock."

This illustration is offered as the text for some remarks about the question of the transfer of property in general, and, in particular, about the transfer of property from the hands of a dead person to living hands.

Many laws safeguard the ownership of property. Perhaps the most familiar to all of us are the laws and regulations governing the ownership of real estate. Not only is the ownership of real estate a matter of public record, but no real estate can be transferred from one owner to another without due recording in the public office established for that purpose. One important result of this is that it is always possible to make certain that the title to the property is good and valid, and hence that the new purchaser is not being defrauded.

Gradually there have grown up in respect to other forms of property similar methods of recording ownership, and hence of transferring ownership from one person to another. Next to land, perhaps the most familiar situation is that which arises when shares of stock change hands by sale or bequest.

If you will examine a typical stock certificate, you will find that it states that the shares which it represents are transferable only on the books of the company. This means just what it says, namely, that the corporation keeps a set of books in which are recorded the name and address of each stockholder, together with the number and class of shares held by him. If A sells five shares of United



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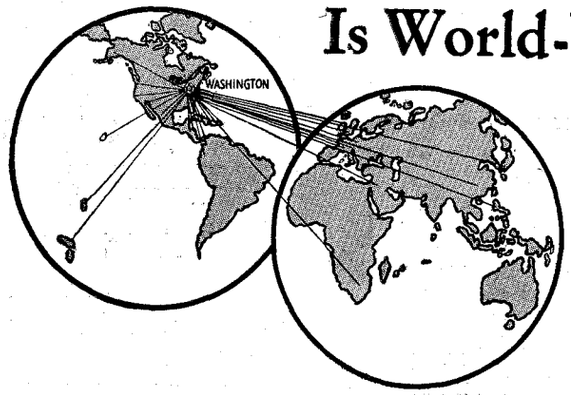

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States Steel common to B, the certificate representing those shares must be sent to the transfer office of the corporation, duly indorsed by A, with the order to issue a new certificate to B. As long as A's name appears on the books of the corporation as owner of the stock, it makes no difference who has physical possession of the certificate, the dividends go to A, and A is the recognized owner. If, however, A has lost the certificate, he can get a new one only by indemnifying the corporation against possible loss.

Take now the case of stock of a corporation registered on the books of the corporation in the name of a person who has just died. Obviously, the owner cannot transfer it himself. Obviously, it must eventually be transferred to some one. But to whom? At this point, wholly in the interest of preserving property rights, what we like to denounce as "red tape" comes into the picture. The corporation—or its agent, for many corporations select a bank or trust company to handle transfers for them—cannot transfer the stock on the order of any relative of the deceased to whomever that relative selects. It can be transferred only on the order of the legally appointed executor or administrator of the deceased's estate. Further, it can be transferred only in accordance with the will of the deceased. Therefore the transfer agent must see a certified copy of the appointment of the executor and of the will. Inasmuch, further, as Federal and State laws (with certain exceptions) prohibit the transfer of stock unless inheritance taxes have been paid, the transferring authorities must be satisfied on this score, too. Finally, when everything is in due form and all obligations have been fulfilled, the transfer takes place.

Any one who has been through this experience for the first time is likely to feel that he is the victim of a conspiracy of lawyers, Government officials, and corporation clerks. In some instances, of course, unreasonable demands are made. But the basis of the complex steps which must be taken is in this instance, as in the instance of the registered Liberty Bond described above, the protection of personal rights in property.

As can easily be supposed, he who attempts to transfer property without some knowledge of the intricacies of modern procedure is likely to expend more time and effort than is necessary, and is also likely to make more or less costly errors. The settling of such an estate as that of the school-teacher is a relatively simple matter; yet a person unaccustomed to handling such matters would find it a considerable burden to

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fill out the required form, to say nothing of looking after the savings-bank deposits. Had this estate possessed half a dozen shares of stock in two or three corporations, the probabilities are that the amateur would be forced to seek professional advice in addition to procuring duly certified copies of documents and carrying on a correspondence with corporation transfer offices as well as State tax officials.

The best advice that can be given to persons who are unexpectedly placed in the position of having to transfer the "corpus" of an estate is to turn the work over to a professional agency, either a lawyer or trustee who is experienced in this field or to the trust department of a bank or trust company. As has been indicated in previous articles in this series, there is a great deal of misapprehension about the size of fees for fiduciary services. In many States they are fixed by law; in no case are they unreasonable; in most instances, if the time of the individual who would otherwise undertake to attend to the transfers is worth anything, there is an actual saving in money. There is the further intangible economy which always results when any task is put into professional hands—that is, the avoidance of possible, even probable, costly mistake.

A somewhat extreme illustration of the complexities of transferring property—to say nothing of the cost—has been given in a bulletin of the National Tax Association as follows:

> The fortune of an American living and dying in Manila, if bequeathed outside the family and exceeding $10,000,000, would be taxed upon that excess at the top rate of 104 per cent by the Federal and Philippine Governments. Were it partly in a corporation whose property was in Wisconsin, the rate would go to 144 per cent. If this corporation were incorporated in West Virginia, 35 per cent would be added, making 197 per cent. If the certificates were in a Seattle safety vault, we should add 40 per cent more, making 219 per cent. If the transfer office of the corporation were in Denver, we should add 16 per cent, making 235 per cent. If the corporation had also taken out incorporation papers in Idaho, add 15 per cent, making a total of 250 per cent. If the courts of Oregon and Illinois held their own States as the proper States of domicile, we should add 25 to 30 per cent respectively and have a tax rate in the highest brackets of 305 per cent of the estate and that without leaving the territory under the Stars and Stripes.

Of course, the majority of Americans will never have such a problem as this to contend with. But the less rich of us,

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dying, leave undetermined puzzles to those who have to settle up our affairs. He who, under our present laws, would obviate these difficulties and these expenses should arrange his property in the simplest possible form—unregistered Government bonds, corporate bonds in bearer form, savings-bank deposits, and, if stock, then stock of corporations in the State in which he expects to die.

From Inquiring Readers

AN elderly gentleman asks about three interesting securities which, he says, represent a large part of his savings. "I am now sixty-eight years old, and feel the need of knowing that my own and my wife's future independence is assured. The interest has always been promptly paid; but I would like to be sure if they are safe."

We were glad to tell him that his bonds are all of the investment class and, since issued by one of the large Eastern public utility corporations, as good as any bonds can be. They are: The First 5s of the Public Service Newark Terminal Railway, the Perpetual 6s of the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, and the First and Refunding 5½s of the Public Service Gas and Electric Company of New Jersey.

In answering this gentleman we did not give as much information as he, perhaps, expected. We told him what they rated according to one of the best and most disinterested analysts in the country, John Moody. And for the benefit of this inquirer and others, we wish to state that the single letter "A" or the three letters "AAA" represent volumes in themselves. They are the verdict arrived at after painstaking analysis of the financial structure, record of earnings, management, and possibilities of growth of the subject corporation.

OFTEN, and always in the case of new issues, it is impossible to get a Moody rating. For example, from Los Angeles comes a question about the 6 per cent bonds of the United Drug Company, due in 1944. We replied in part:

The 20-year 6 per cent bonds of the United Drug Company, due in 1944, are a refunding issue, replacing an 8 per cent issue, brought out in 1921. They are a direct obligation of the company, issued under an indenture which agrees that no new mortgage shall be placed ahead of these bonds, and that the ratio of quick assets to quick liabilities shall be maintained at 125 per cent, otherwise dividends on common stock shall cease.

The 8 per cent bonds, which had,

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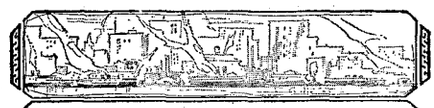

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relatively speaking, the same status, were rated AA. It is yet too early for this issue to be rated, but it is highly probable that they will be placed in the investment class by such manuals as Moody's.

This is frequently true of refunding issues—provided the condition of the company is the same. In this instance it is obvious that the Drug Company was taking advantage of the reduction in general interest rates since 1921 by refunding with a 6 per cent bond.

FROM Mount Desert a reader writes to ask our opinion of Kingdom of Netherlands 6s, due in 1954. "I have always fought shy of foreign bonds and have never purchased any. Now that the return on good, sound, marketable home bonds has decreased so much, I am inclined to buy foreign bonds. I am only a small investor and desire safety first."

The bonds referred to were brought out in April of this year to a total amount of $40,000,000, principal and interest payable in gold. They are redeemable at par and interest. There is provision for a sinking fund. They are a direct obligation of the Kingdom of Netherlands, whose debt is $182 per capita, as compared with $785 for Great Britain. Their rating is excellent. Holland is a thrifty, money-making country whose word has always been good.

A GREAT many investors live in Florida, and every now and then the lure of wealth to be rapidly won from mining enterprises in the Far West nearly captures them. One of our readers hesitated long enough to ask our views on the Burnham Chemical Company, said to have a Government lease on certain acres of Searles Lake, California, from which borax is to be extracted by evaporation.

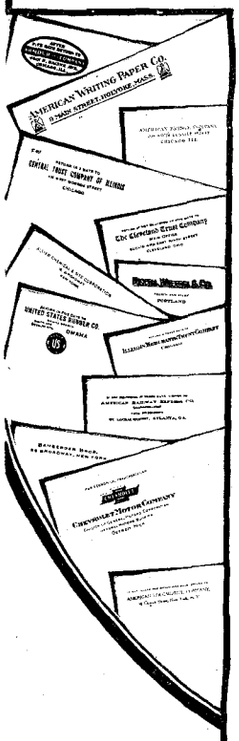
We were able to secure reliable information within five days, and replied, in part, as follows: "While it is apparently true that the Burnham Chemical Company has real assets, we regard money put into their stock as distinctly a speculation, if not a gamble. We understand that the cost of production and marketing is likely to be heavy. We would not advise putting money into this concern except with full knowledge of the risk involved."

"I AM a school-teacher," writes a woman from California, "and my little capital has been greatly reduced by reason of family illness. I inclose a list of my securities. Can I reinvest to secure more income and an increase in principal?"

We do not predict in this department, and the last part of this question had to go unanswered. As to the main part of the inquiry, it was very practical and

Speaking of Reading—

Here are a few letters *we* have read. They represent in a general way what *successful men* from coast to coast have found the right reading has meant to *them*.



MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. "Anything on finance with C. W. Barron behind it is good enough for me." E. B. D.

HANOVER, N. H. "If everyone with money to invest could have access to your 'Investment Suggestion' page we would sooner have a nation of intelligent investors." L. G. P.

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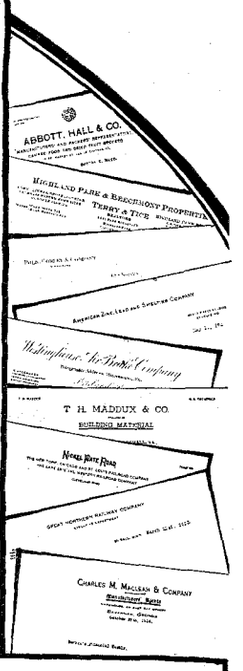

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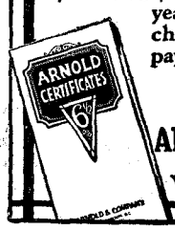

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From a Diary, "The Pelham Party"
Extract No. 3

Venice, June 24th. Beneath my window in Florence lay the Arno, and beyond it, from the grim old fortress on the right, the crumbling walls of Michael Angelo's fortifications climbed across the green hills, past the tower of Galileo tall against the clear sky, past the frowning splendor of San Miniato, down to the gaunt arches of the Porta San Niccolo, and so back again to the Arno, the Arno that I loved. About this river are clustered my memories of Florence; its beautiful churches with their treasures of art; its wonderful galleries; its magnificent buildings; Giotto's Tower and the Battistero; the quaint shops on the Ponte Vecchio and the lovely arches of that most perfect bridge, Ponte Santa Trinità. It was a full week and a happy one. We drove to Fiesole on its hills to the North with the Valley of the Arno spread before it, and to Certosa to the South. The scent of lavender will always recall to me the fragrant sunny cloister of that old Carthusian monastery and the bees droning sleepily among the purple blossoms. The ride over the Apennines to Bologna was another memorable one and Bologna itself with its arcaded streets, most interesting.

And now Venice—We left the automobiles at Mestre, just outside, and came in by boat. Last night we drifted over dark waters spangled with the gleams of hundreds of fairy lanterns like the one hung at the black prow of our own gondola, and listened dreamily to the music floating over the water. Of course we were all under enchantment—we knew that—but even though we must awaken from the dream all too soon we shall never forget. Tomorrow we go to the Lido and I shall have a dip in the Adriatic. Then we pick up our autos again at Mestre and are off to Verona. . . .

To be continued

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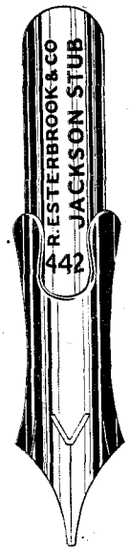

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much to the point. The investor had used good judgment—or else had had the intelligence to use some one else's good judgment—and her little fortune of some $10,000 was in sound stocks and bonds, well diversified. We were unable to do much more than compliment her.

THE kind of inquiry which is most interesting—and most absorbing of time—is that in which the writer submits a list of securities and asks for their rating. We have had several such of late. One comes from Newfoundland, the inquirer stating that he is "well up in years and must feel sure that what investments I leave are *safe* income producers." The list follows:

Union Pacific Common, Atchison Common, Canadian Pacific Railway Common, Bell Telephone of Canada Common, American Car and Foundry Common, Allied Chemical Common.

With two exceptions, each is a real investment stock. The two exceptions are "investments minus"—that is, just off the "A" class. Can you tell which these are?

"IF my list has weak spots, please advise me," writes another reader. "I have always wanted to have a fair return but principal well secured." The "weak spots" revealed, with their ratings, may interest other investors:

J. H. Williams 7s—BBB
Doehler Die Casting 8s—BBB
Riordan Company, Ltd. 8s—DDD
Fiske Rubber Company 8s—CCC
Whitaker Paper 7s—B
Central Ind. Power 6s—BB
Campbell Bakery 6½s—BBB

It will be seeh at a glance that the weakness of some of these bonds is not very alarming—a "BBB" bond is not altogether speculative, but "CCC" and "DDD" should be eliminated from the holdings of a person who cannot afford to risk loss.

A LADY from Philadelphia purchased some power company bonds a few years ago. The power company was bought by another power company which issued stock, and the lady's bonds may be converted into stock. Now the bonds are worth less than three-quarters of their par value, and the lady from Philadelphia, in addition to losing time and worrying, has lost quite a little money.

The name of the company is immaterial just now. *But the bonds are not a first-mortgage obligation.*

There are so many excellent first-mortgage bonds that our advice is not to buy anything but firsts, unless there is some extraordinary circumstance which gives equal safety.

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WANTED—Matured woman of experience and refinement as mother's helper in family of three children in New York suburb. Salary $70. Reply Short Hills, N. J. P. O. Box 286.

WANTED—Woman to be in charge, out of *school hours*, of a group of about twenty older girls, at the CHILDREN'S HOME, Randolph, N. Y. Qualities essential are a liking for children, refinement, and leadership ability. References and personal interview desired. Inquire of Harry Colwell, Superintendent.

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MISCELLANEOUS

IMAGINATION developed. Each lesson, one dollar. Anna Wildman, The Clinton, Philadelphia.

By the Way

AN Australian subscriber asks as to the value of a five-dollar Continental bill, printed in Philadelphia in 1776, bearing the inscription, "This Bill entitles the Bearer to receive Five Spanish Milled Dollars, or the value thereof in Gold or Silver, according to a Resolution of Congress, passed at Philadelphia, July 22, 1776." We are informed that there are hundreds of these bills in good condition in this country, their price when sold by coin-collecting companies being from twenty-five to fifty cents each. This comparative worthlessness of the old Continental currency, even when regarded as mementoes of an epoch, explains the origin of the old saw, "Not worth a continental."

From the "Kansas Sour Owl:"

Dumb—"You certainly sling a terrible lingo. You ought to go to London and learn the King's English."

Dumber—"Oh, I know he's English."

"In the San Francisco 'Bulletin' of November 18," a subscriber says, "a reporter writes of an aged horse, 'Old Bill, a strapping black mare,' as 'he.' One wonders whether the reporter was ignorant of the sex nomenclature of horses because of the dawn of the horseless age. Extracts follow:

"Old Bill has been working hard for Uncle Sam for thirty years and now he is going to rest. Bill, a strapping black mare, is one of the institutions out at the Presidio. To the old-timers Old Bill was known as Billy, a spirited horse, the pride of the officers. There was an extra bag of especially choice oats, a handful of sugar lumps, and an order that he was to work no more."

The cheapest book in the world is probably one issued by the American Bible Society. It consists of sixty-four pages and cover, and is sold for one cent. It contains portions of the Gospels, Acts, and Proverbs. These books were printed, folded, and saddle-wire-stitched in units of four or more copies at a time, which made it possible to manufacture and ship them without any loss.

Colporters often meet rebuffs, but one of them, reporting his experiences in Japan to the American Bible Society, tells of unexpected encouragement received from a devotee of another faith. When he entered a house he met two women, who listened to him but hesitated about buying a Bible. At the same time a man in an adjoining room was loudly repeating Buddhist prayers. The praying ceased and the man appeared. He was a Buddhist priest! Instead of "slamming" the visitor and his book, he said to the women, "Why, yes, buy one of his Bibles. Books like that are good to have; all religious books are helpful."

From "Answers:"

Tom—"Gladys, on what grounds does your father object to me?"

Gladys—"On any grounds within a mile of the house."

One of the most remarkable lawsuits, in point of duration, in legal history has just been closed—that of Bogert versus the Southern Pacific Company, a suit begun thirty-five years ago to set aside the reorganization of the old Houston and Texas Central Railway. According to a report in the New York "Herald Tribune," many famous lawyers were employed from time to time in this litigation; a number of them died during the history of the case.

From the "Hamilton Royal Gaboon:"

"Have you improved your riding lately?"

"On the contrary, I would say that I've fallen off quite a bit."

"Dorothy went out to a near-by woods to play," says a contributor to the Boston "Herald." "Soon in she came, out of breath from running and flushed with excitement. 'Mamma, mamma,' she cried, 'give me the Listerine, quick!' 'What's the trouble?' inquired her mother. 'Oh,' exclaimed Dorothy, 'I've found the prettiest little black and white kitty in the woods to play with, but he's got halitosis.'"

Answer to word puzzle in last week's issue:

Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED, for six months, country position in the Far West at outdoor work under supervision for a strong, intelligent, and well-mannered boy of sixteen; not an invalid. No wages asked; good, sensible living and kindly discipline the essentials. Place preferred with family of retired educator or professional man who can handle a boy and direct activities; in such conditions, reasonable sum given for board and care. Full particulars and references exchanged by letter 5,692, Outlook.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

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BOYS whose parents are away for winter received in home of experienced clergyman (tutor), suburb Philadelphia. Opportunity to attend city school or private tutoring. References. 5,676, Outlook.

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